



SWING SISSON



POISON IVY



BIG TOP



ROSCOE



MICKEY FINN

FEATURE

COMICS

SM
★
5



MAY No. 110



BLIMPY



LALA PALOOZA



RUSTY RYAN



PERKY

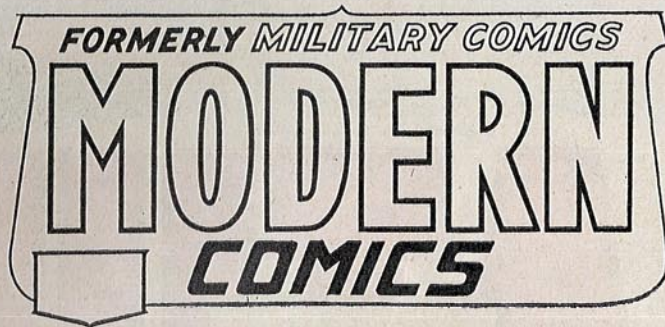
CAN THE
**DOLL
MAN**
escape
THE CLAWS
OF
**FAT
CATT?**

STILL
60
PAGES
FOR
10¢





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



THESE
TITLES ARE TOPS!



LOOK FOR
THE SEAL OF QUALITY



PACKED WITH 60 PAGES
OF
ACTION, LAUGHS AND THRILLS!

HIT
COMICS
NATIONAL
COMICS

POLICE
COMICS

SMASH
COMICS

FEATURE
COMICS

CRACK
COMICS

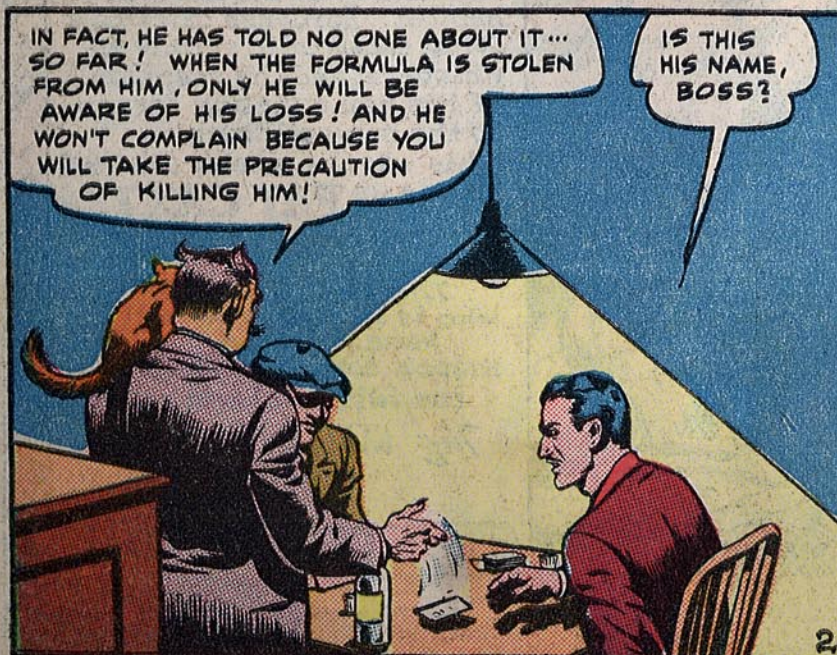
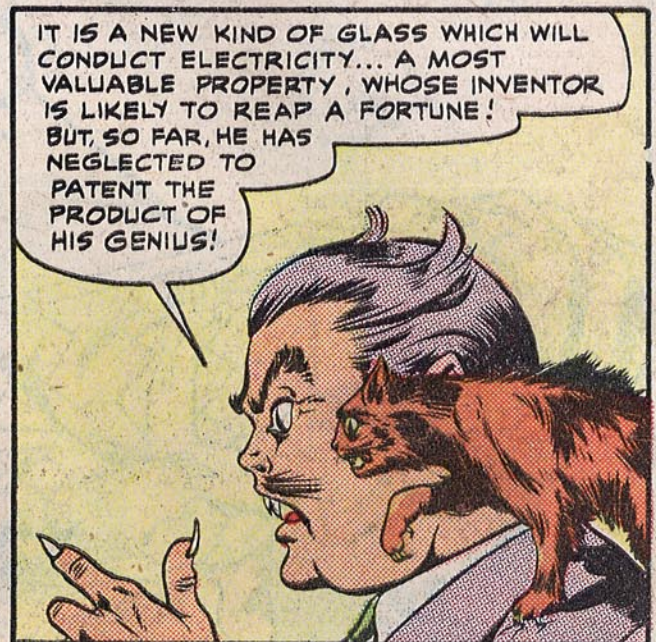
THE DOLL MAN



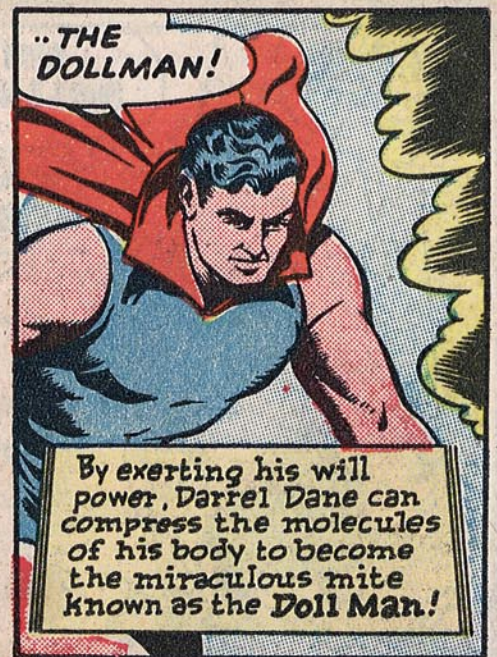
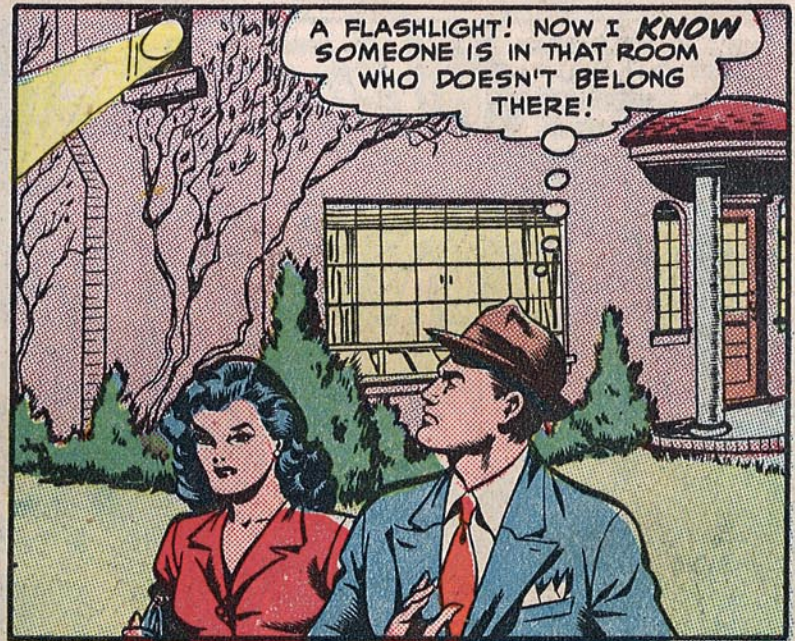
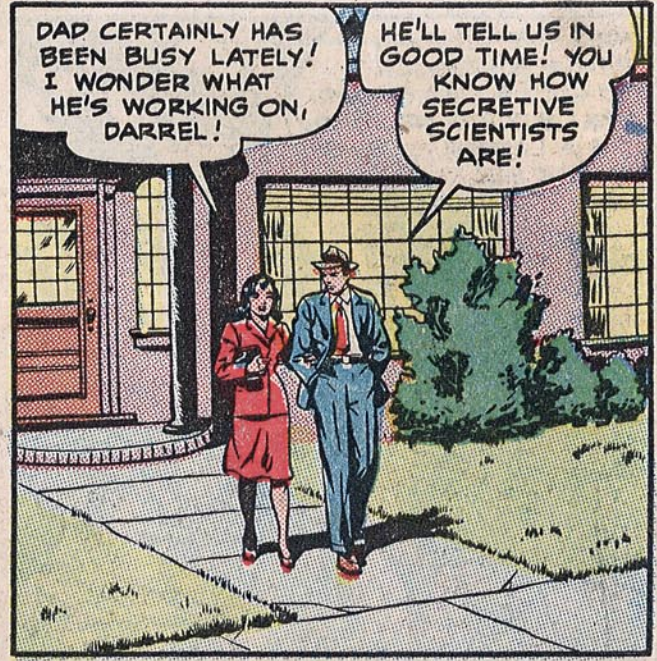
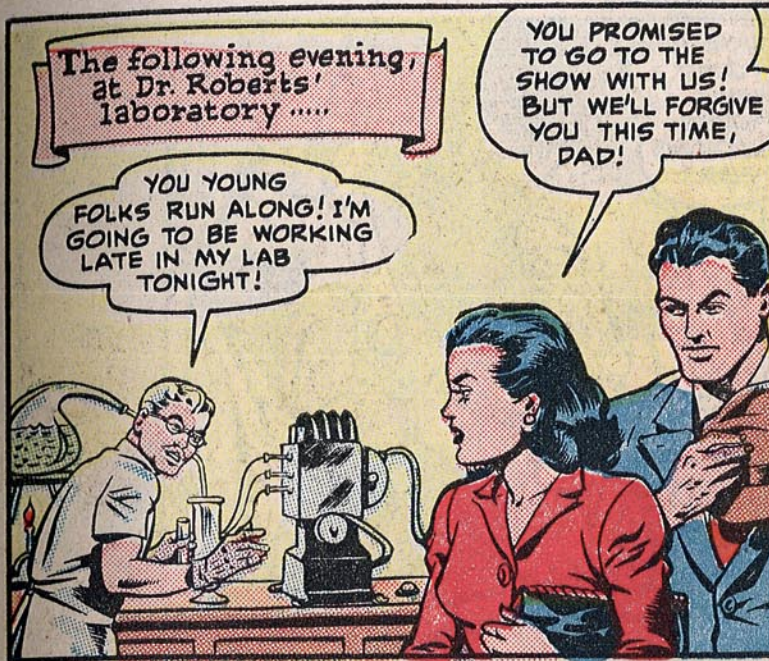
Out of the night he came, and his origin was cloaked in the shadows of the underworld that was his natural habitat! Hardened criminals dared speak of him only in whispers, and the mention of his name struck terror to the bravest heart! This was the master criminal known as **FAT CATT!**

Even the mighty mite of crime-busting, **The DOLL MAN...** who is in reality Darrel Dane, found a match for his talents in the feline cleverness of **the MAN WITH NINE LIVES!**

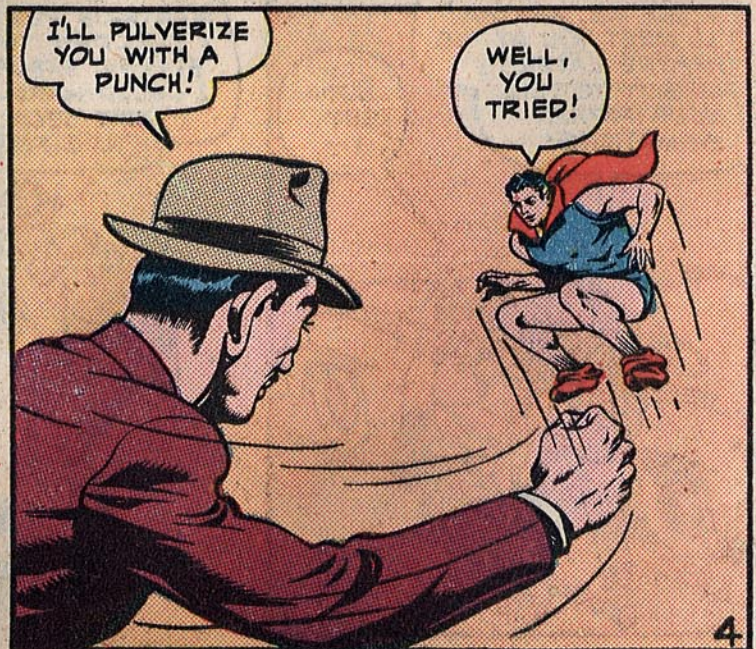
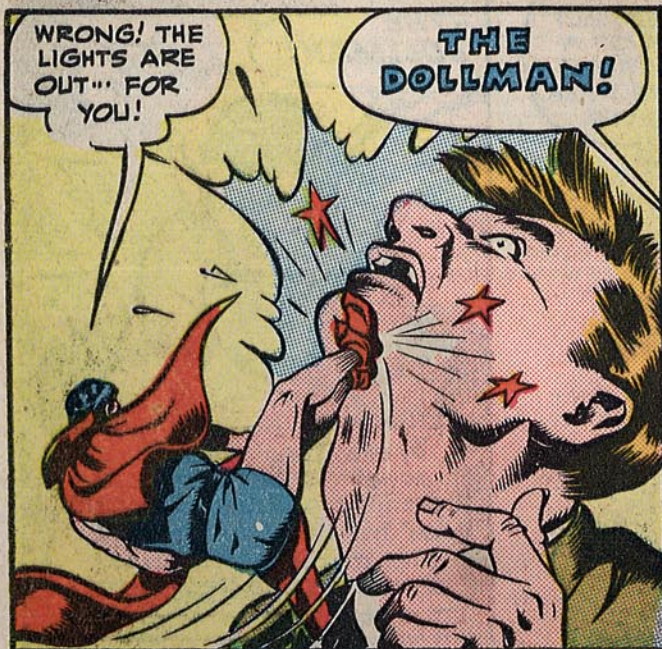
FEATURE COMICS



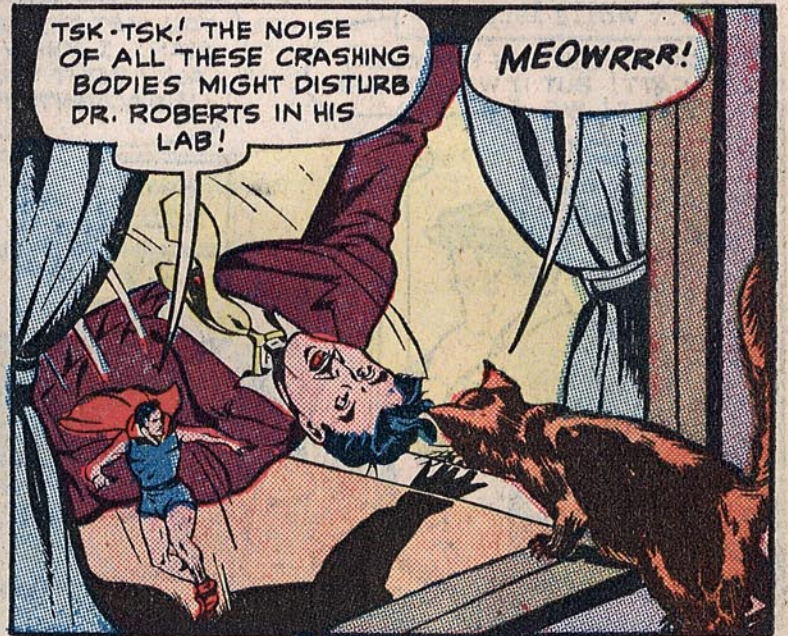
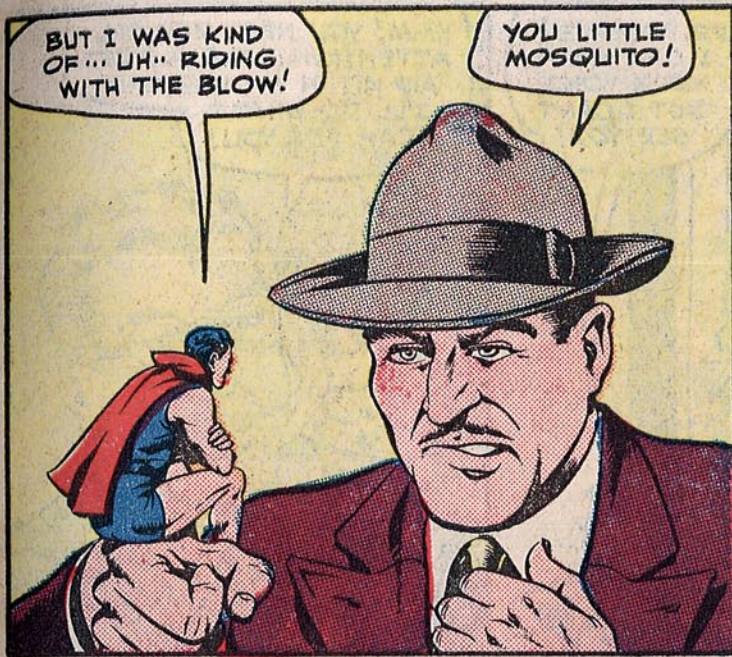
FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



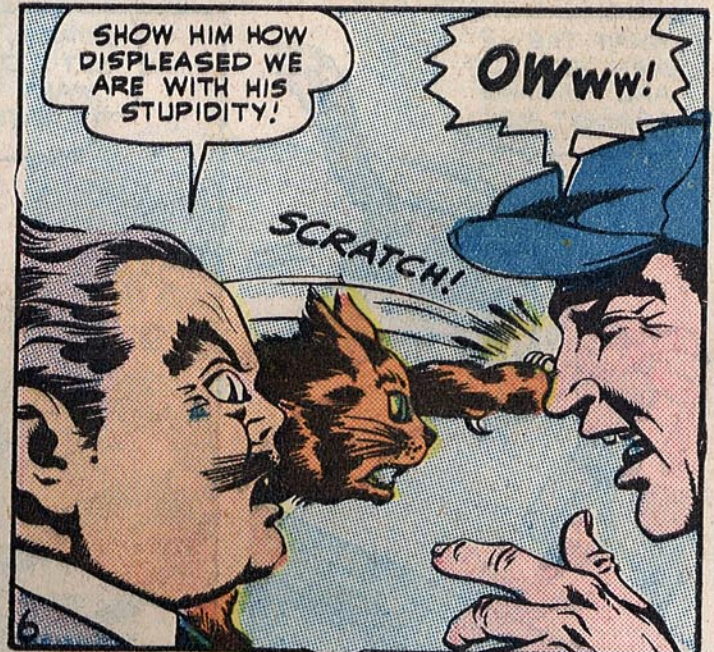
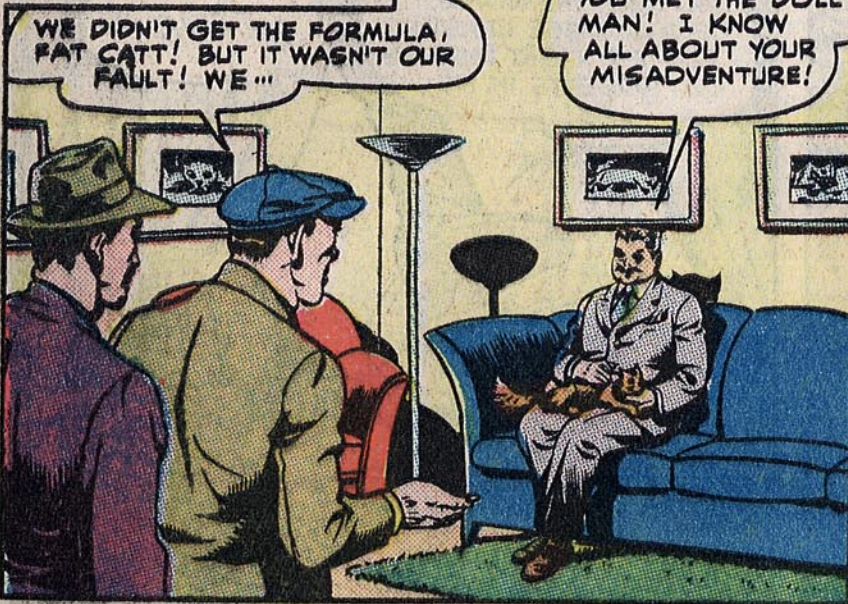
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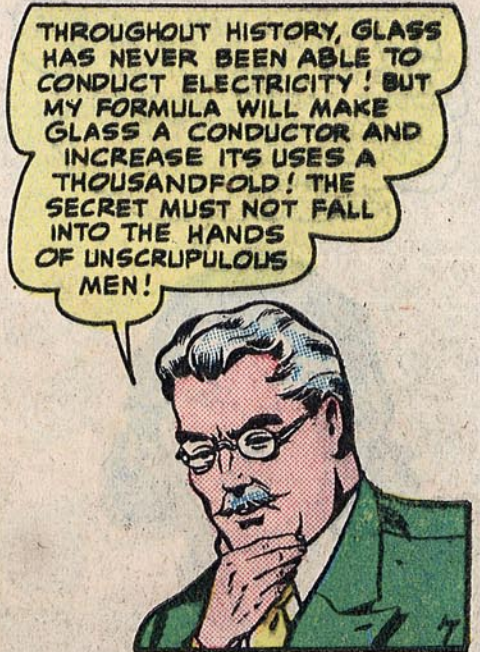
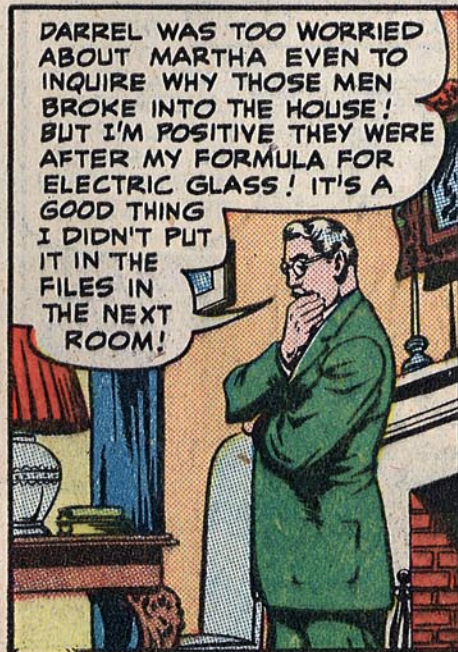
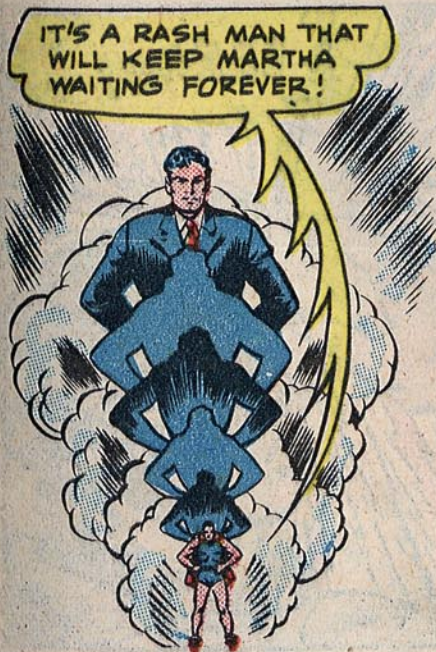
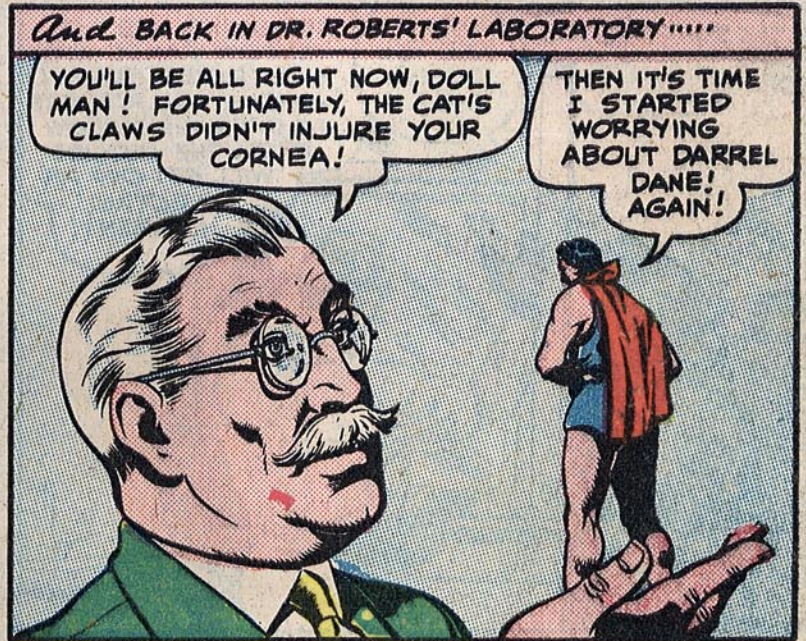
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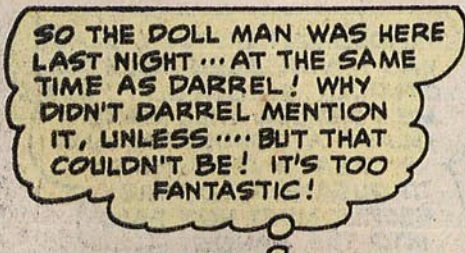
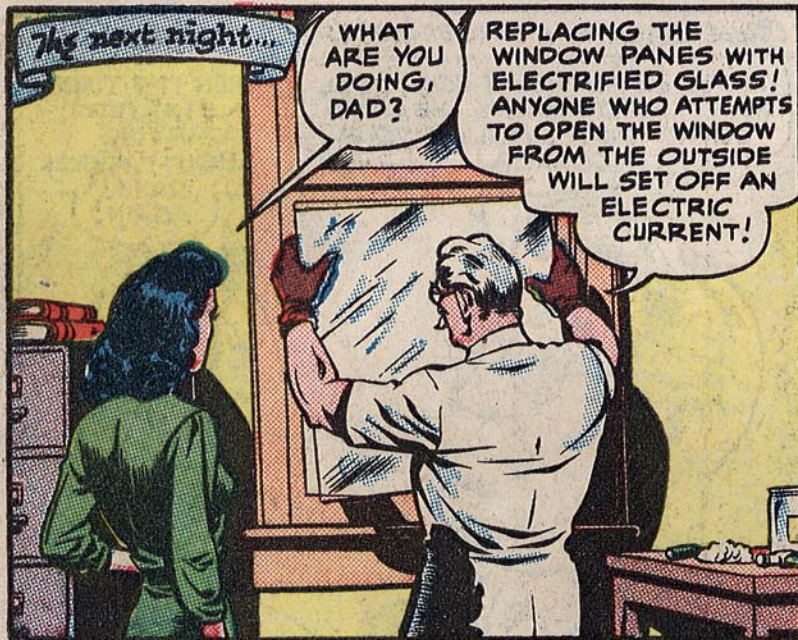
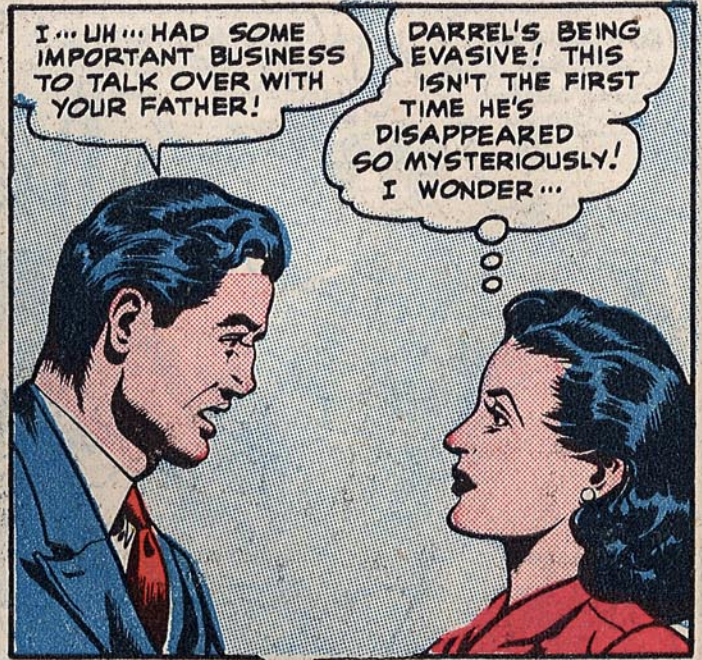
A short while later...



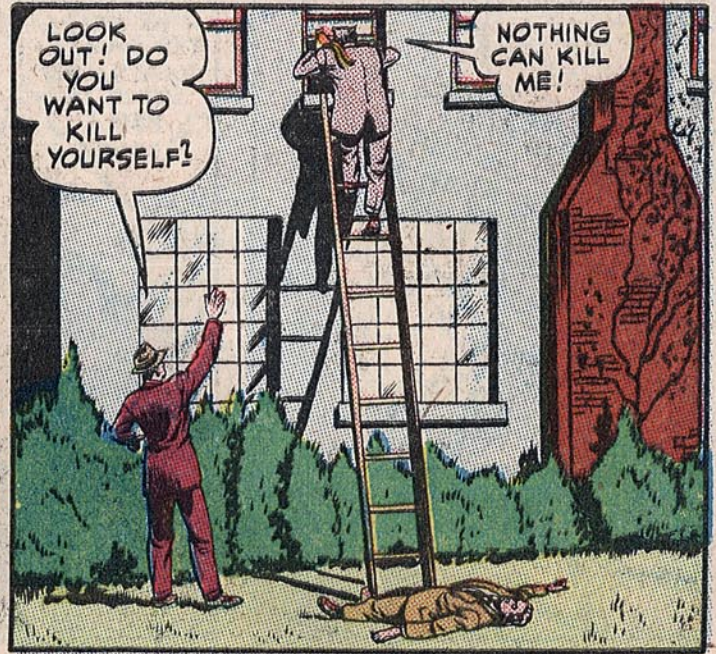
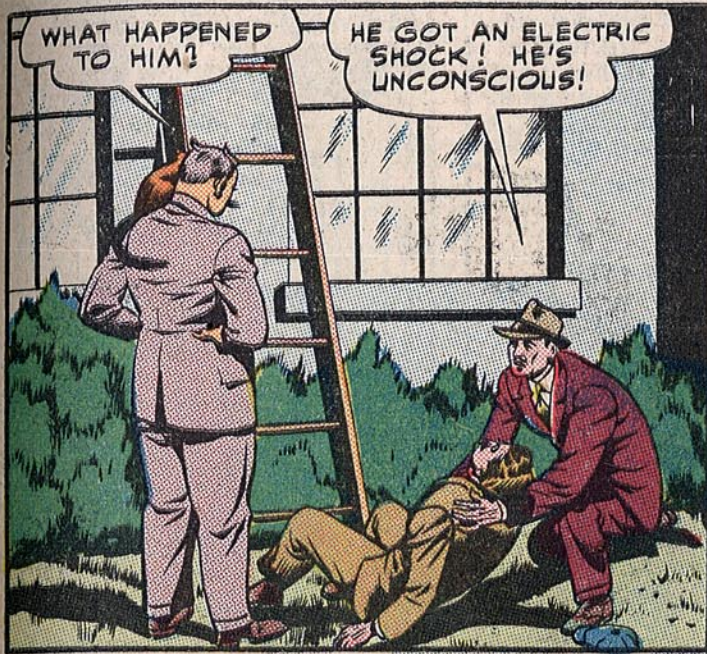
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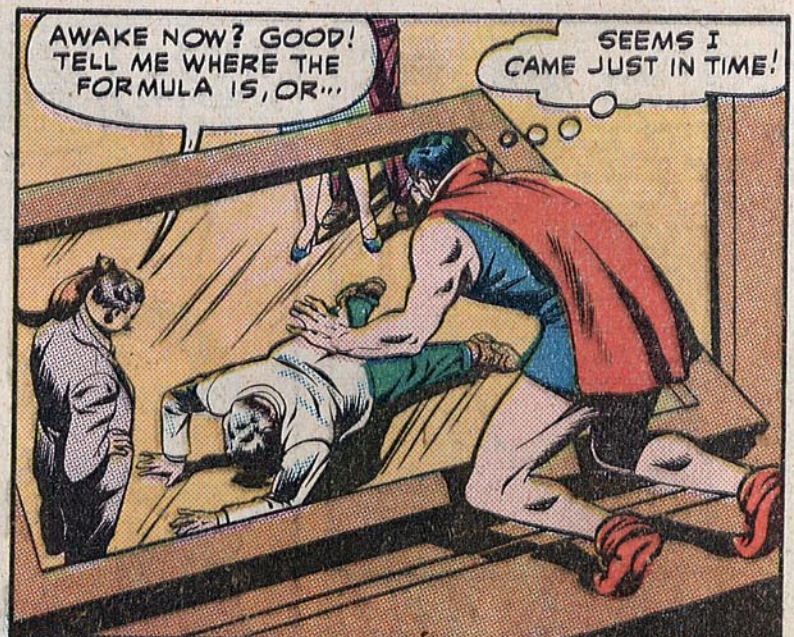
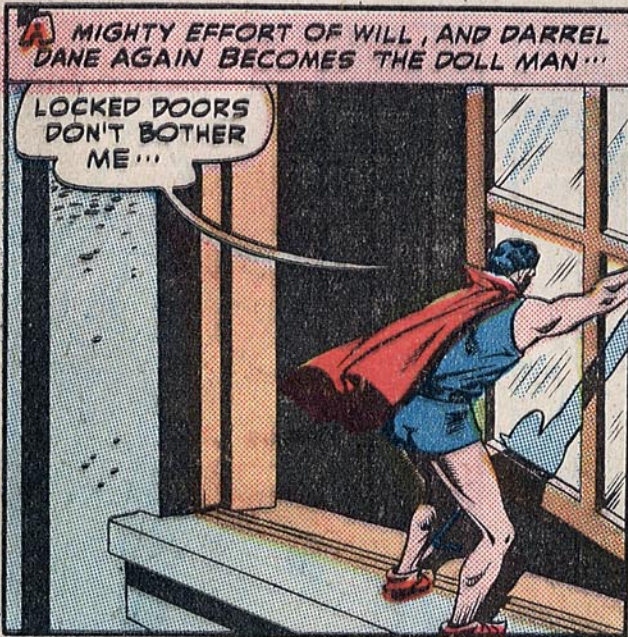
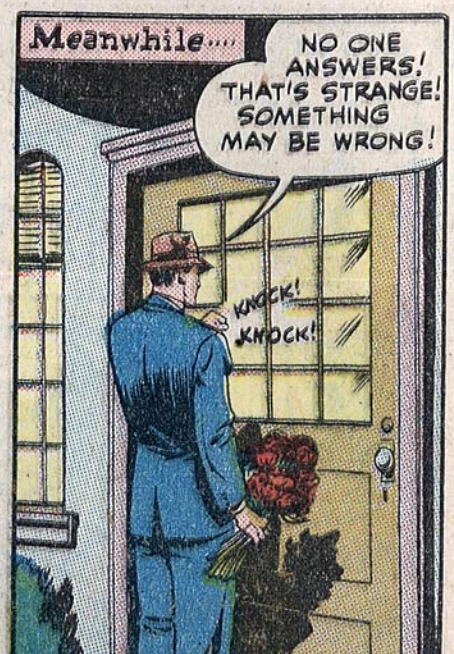
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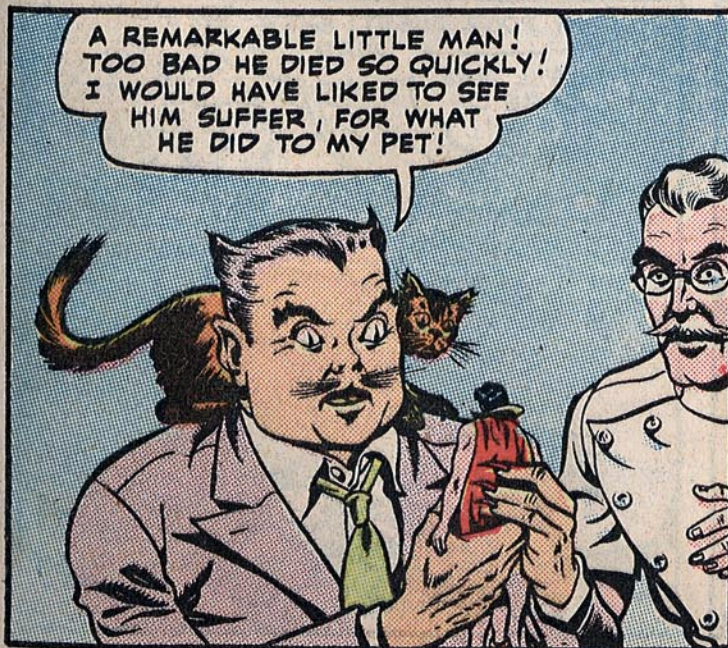
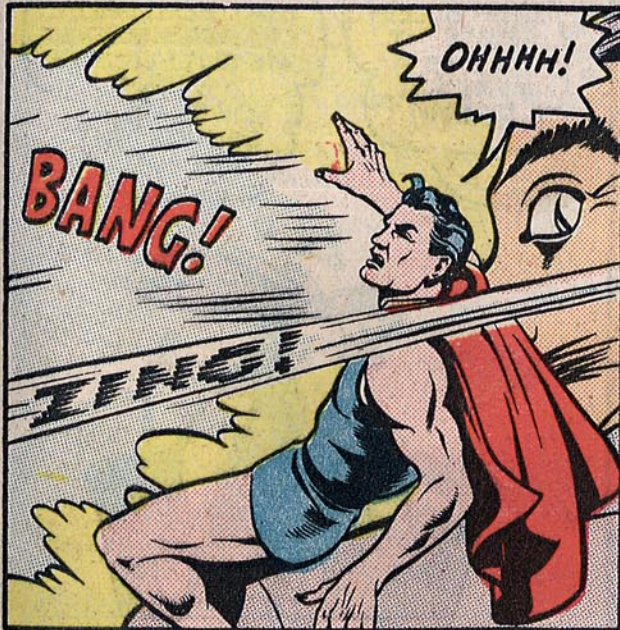
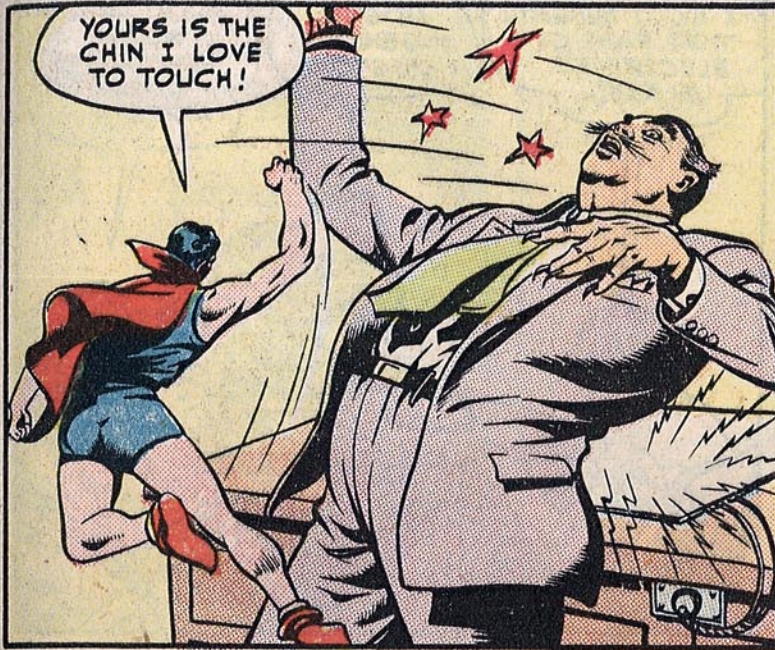


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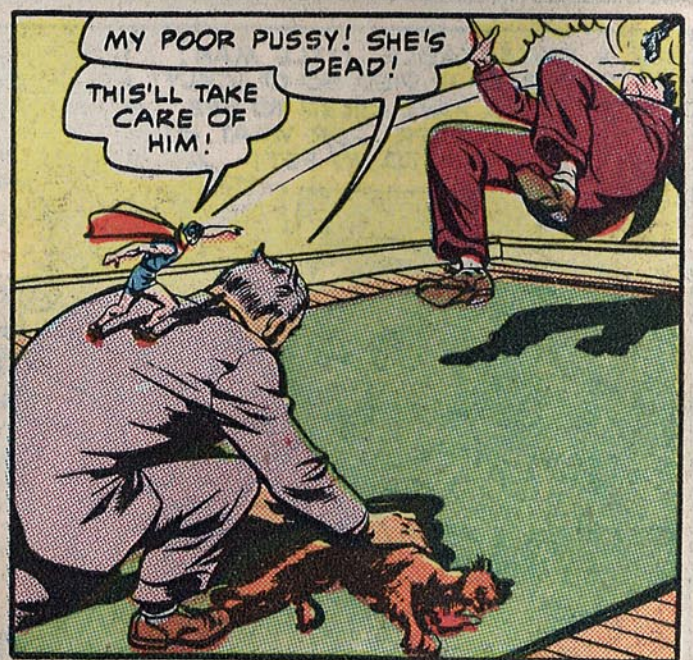
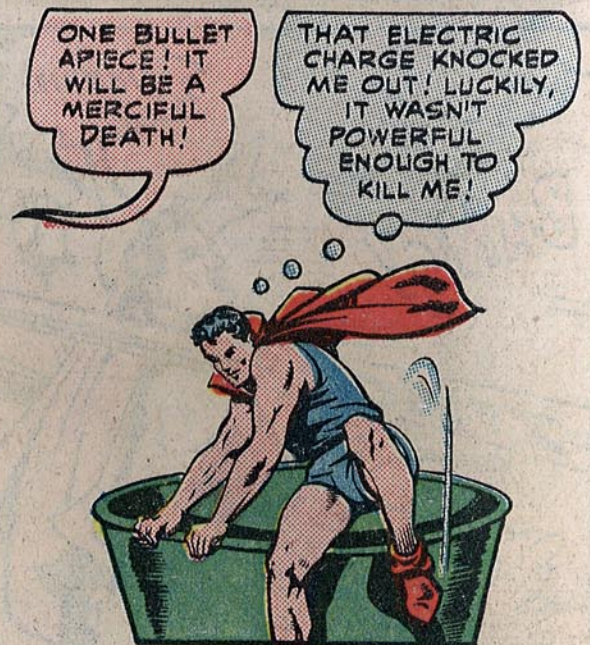
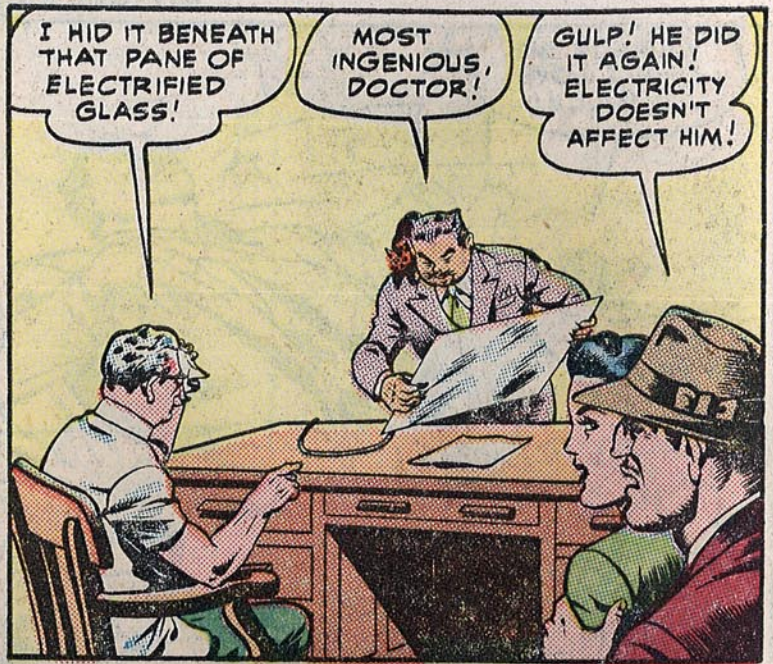


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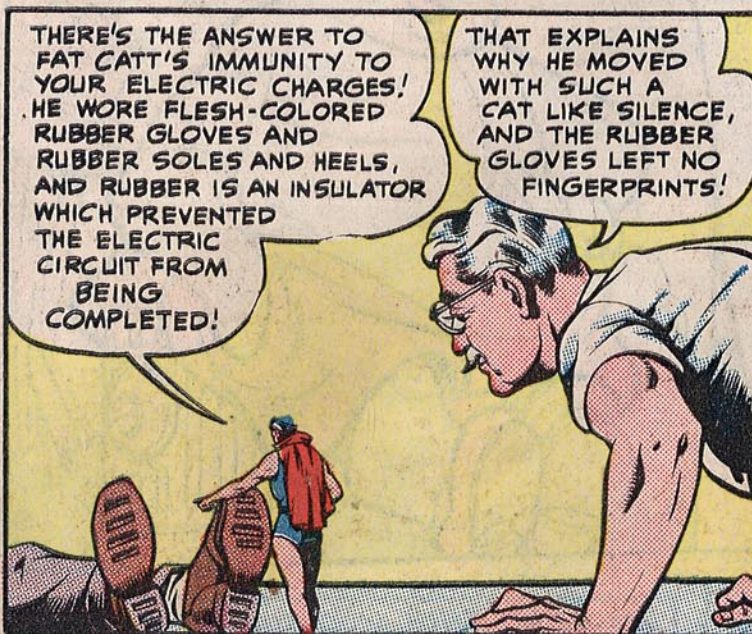
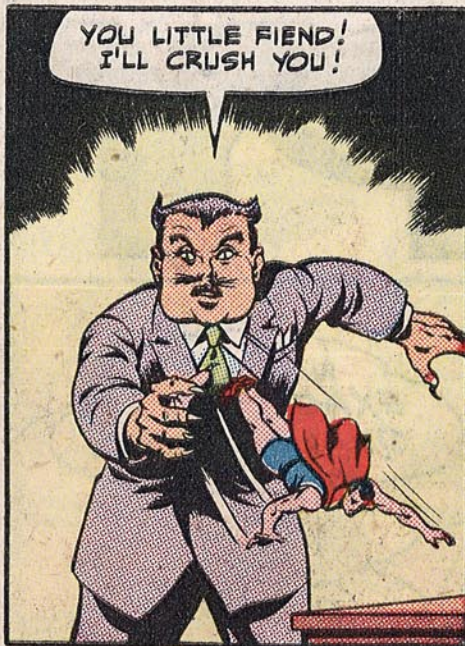




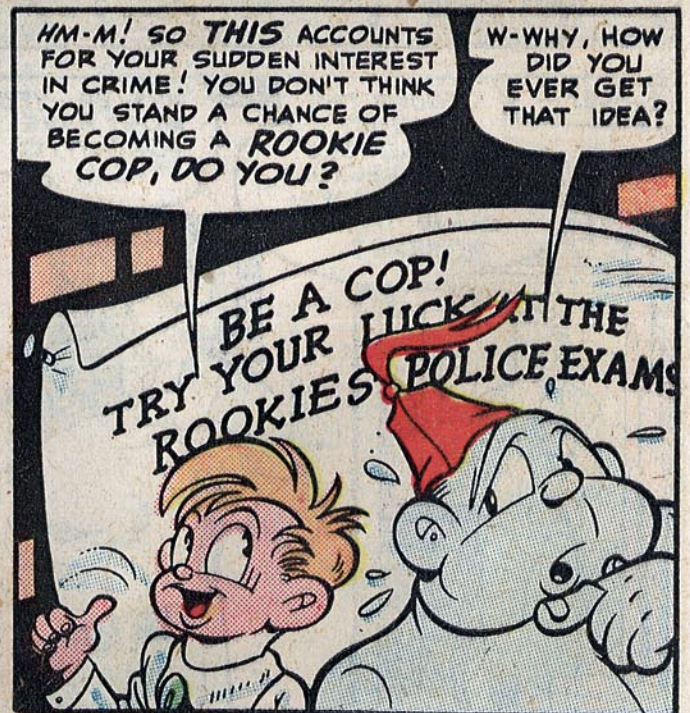
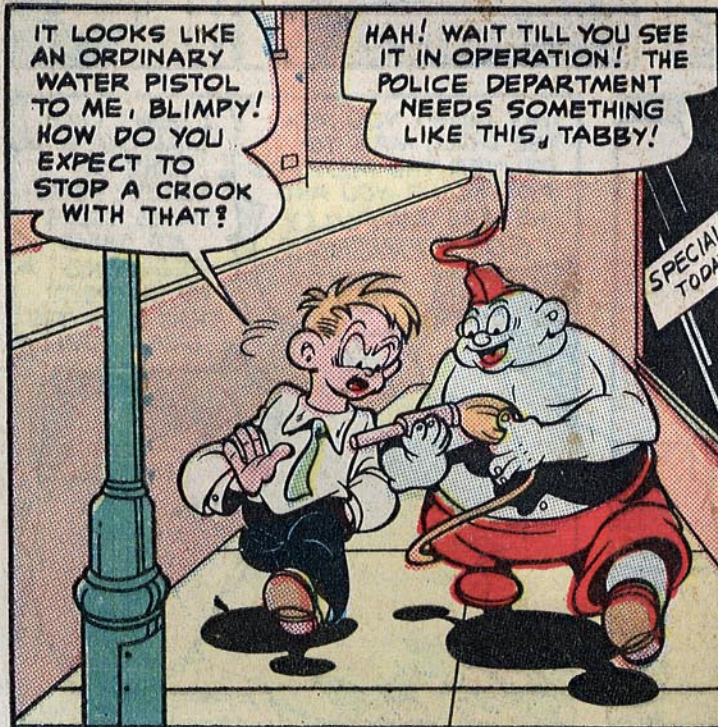
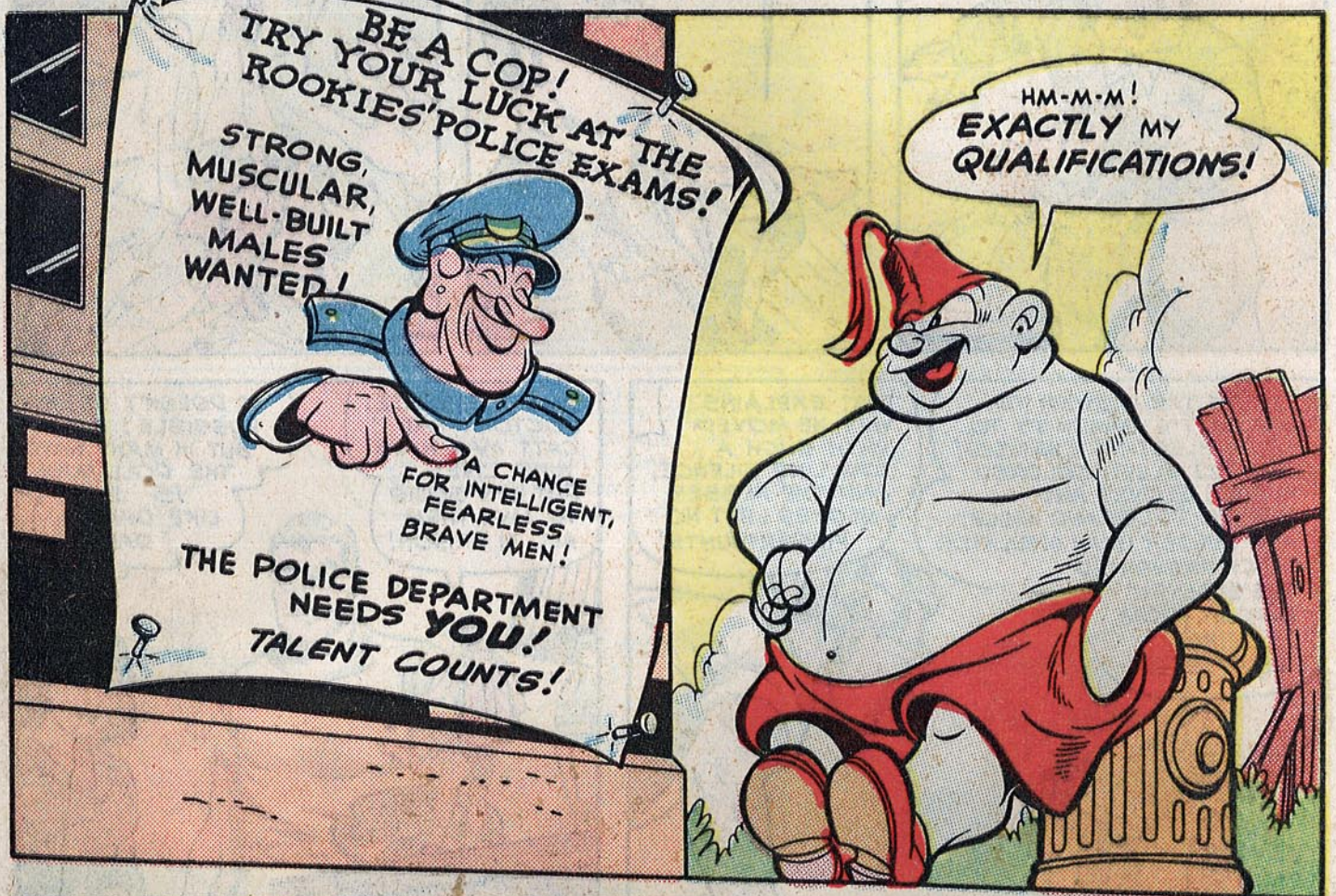
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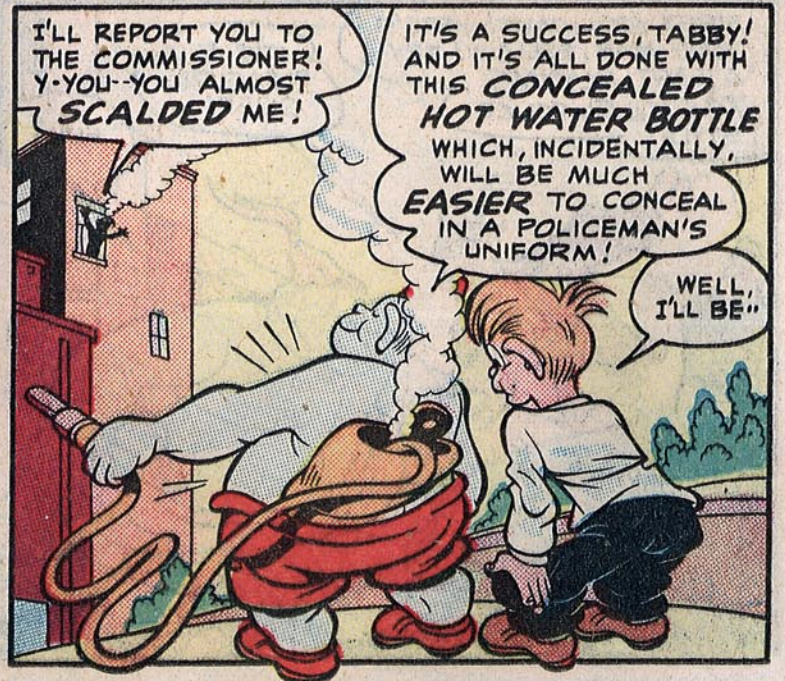
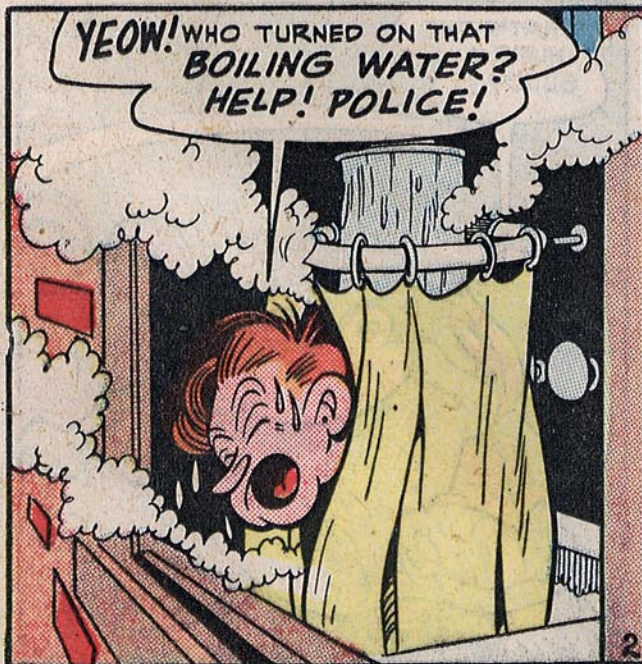
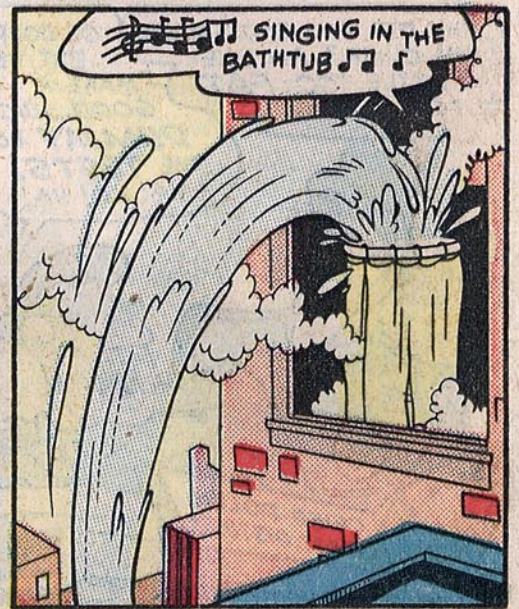
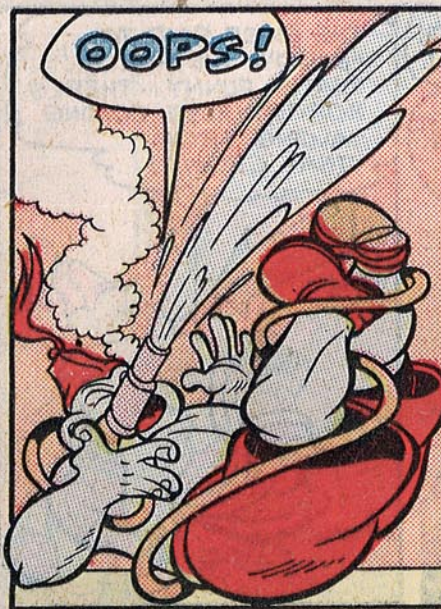
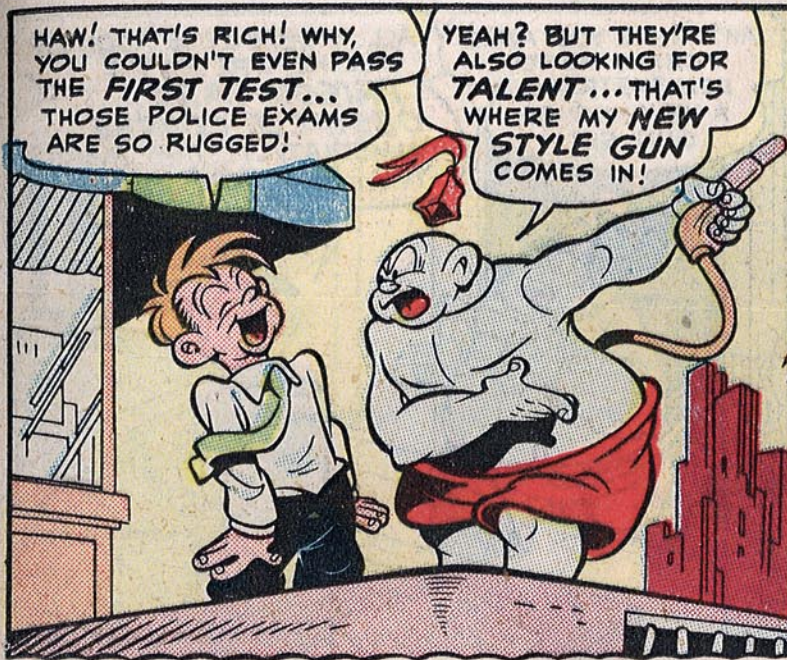


FEATURE COMICS

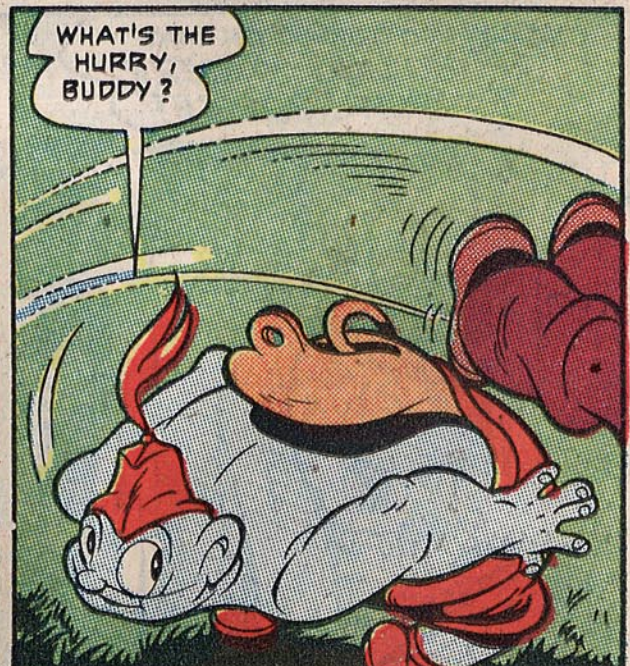
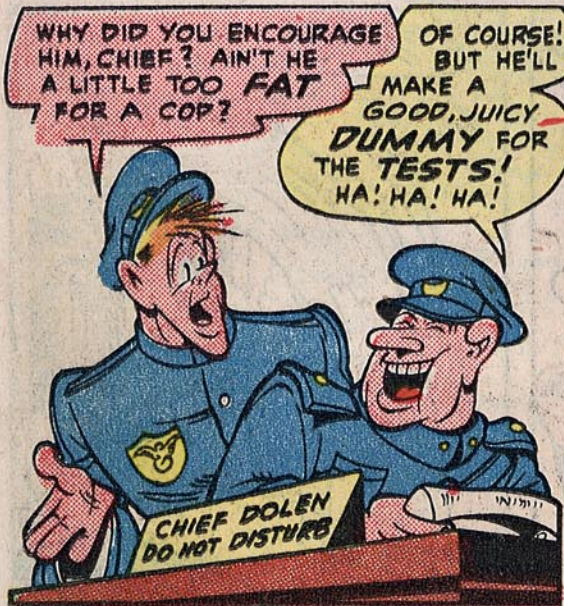
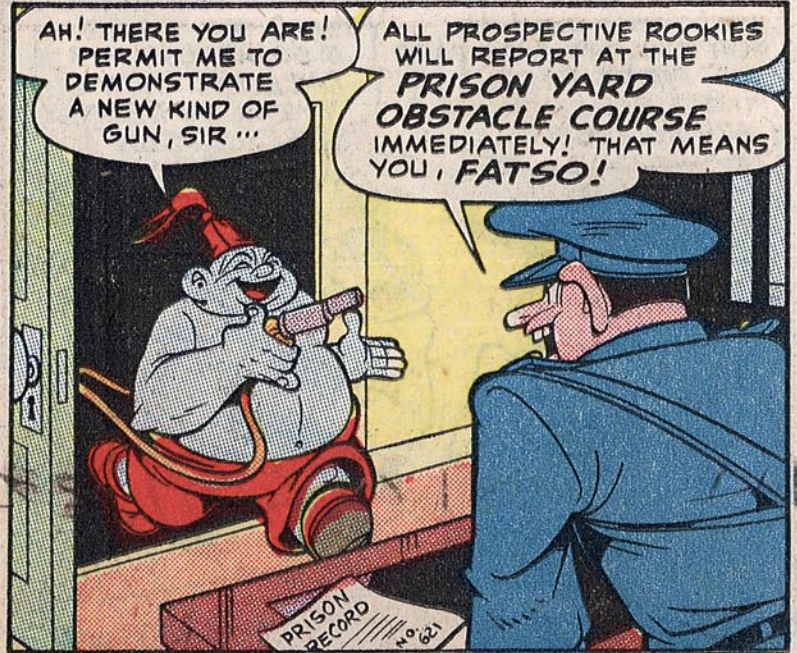
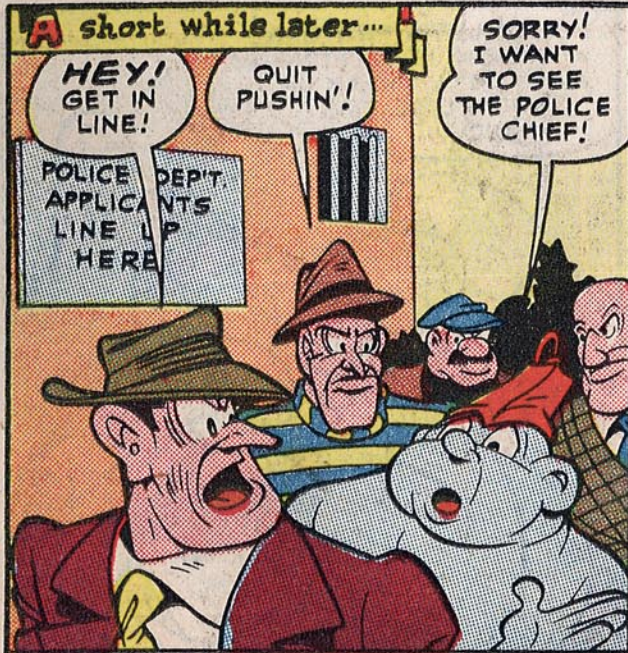


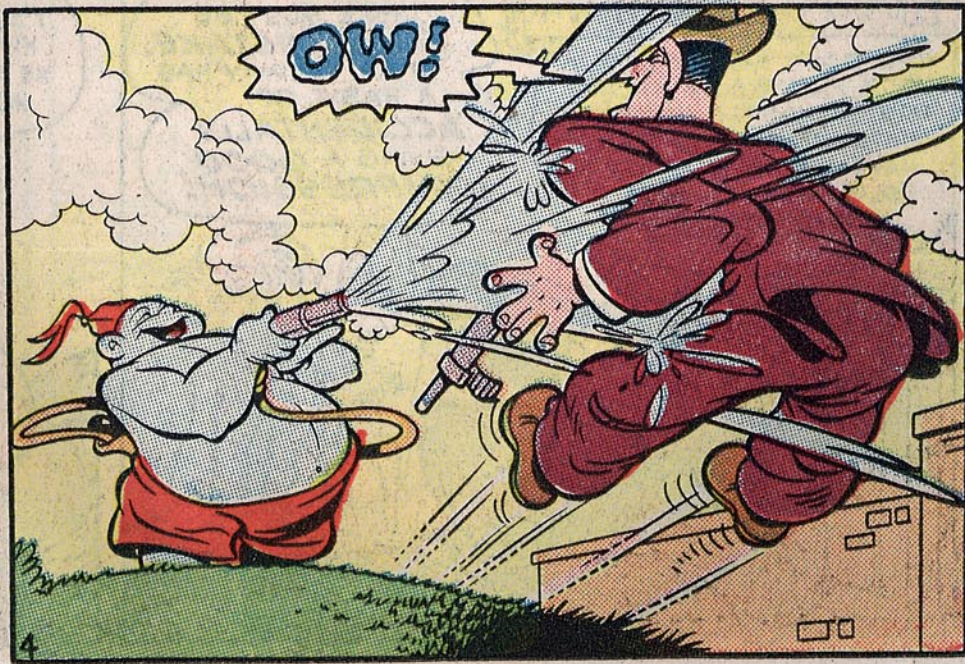
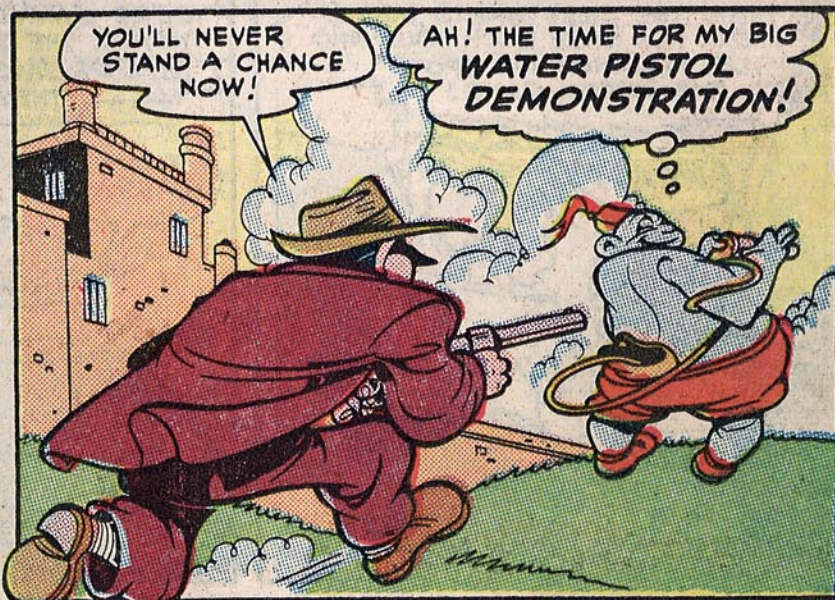
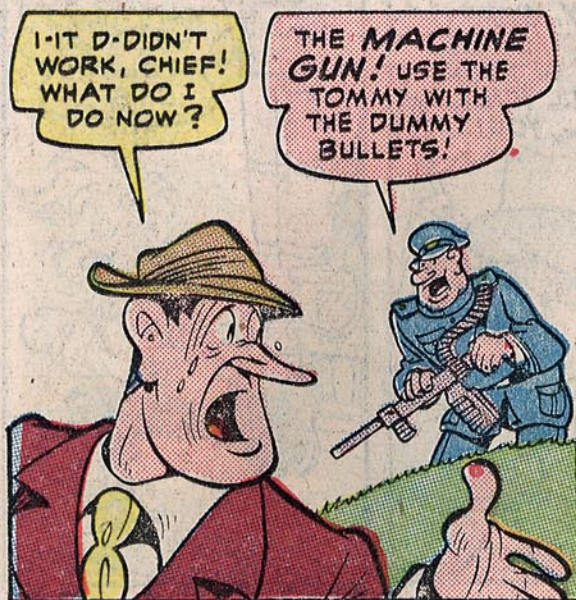
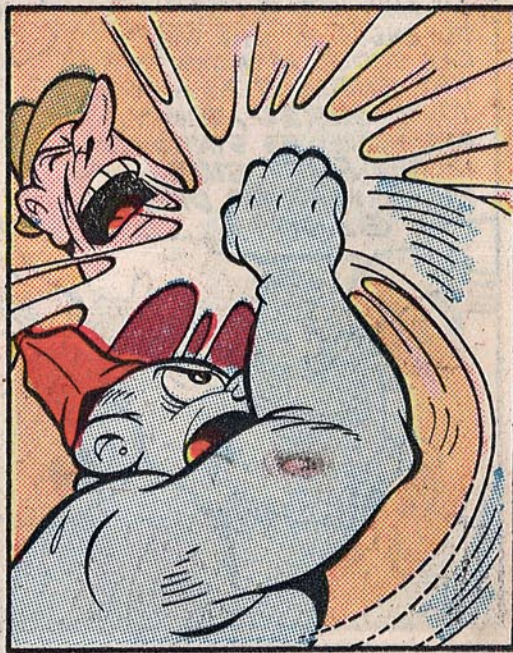
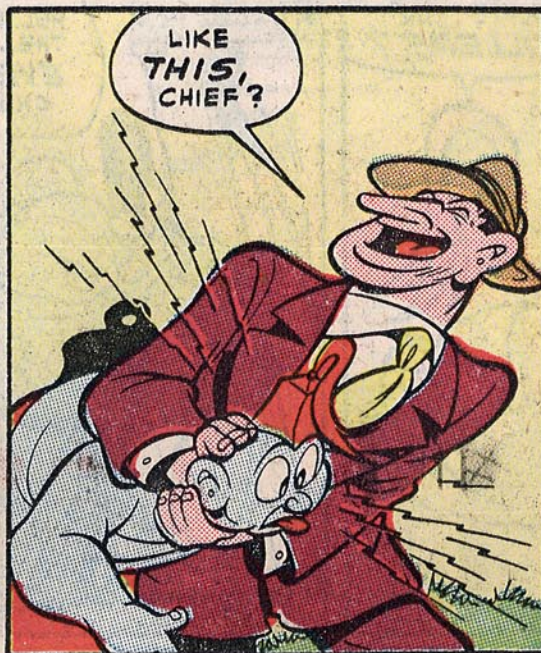
BLIMPY

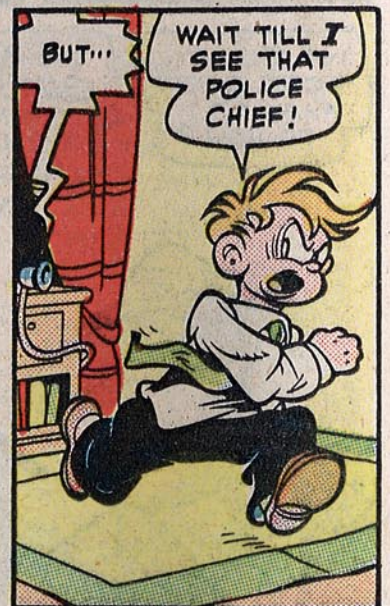
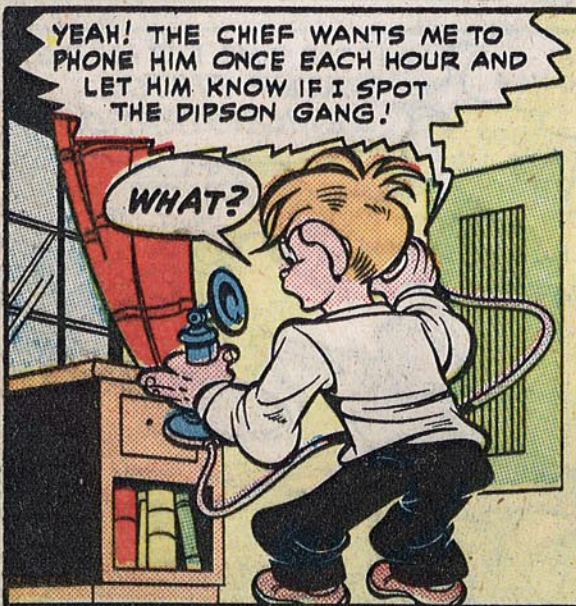
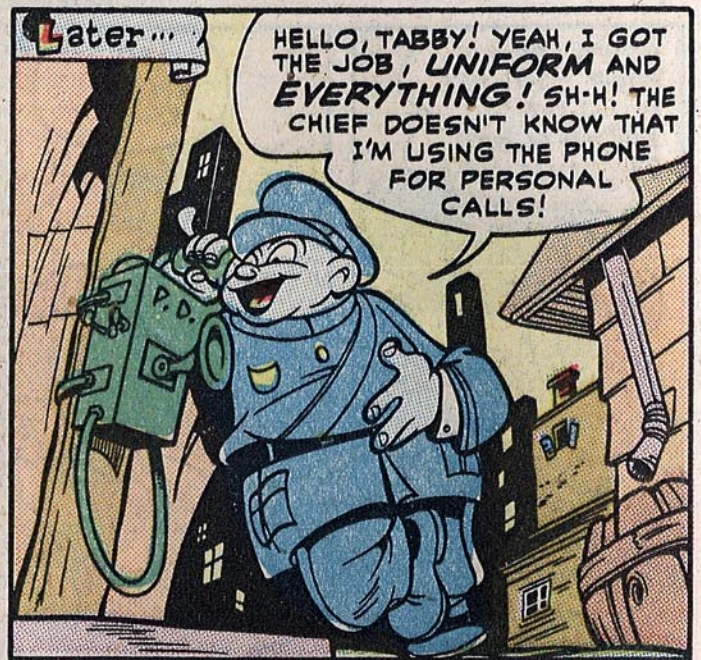




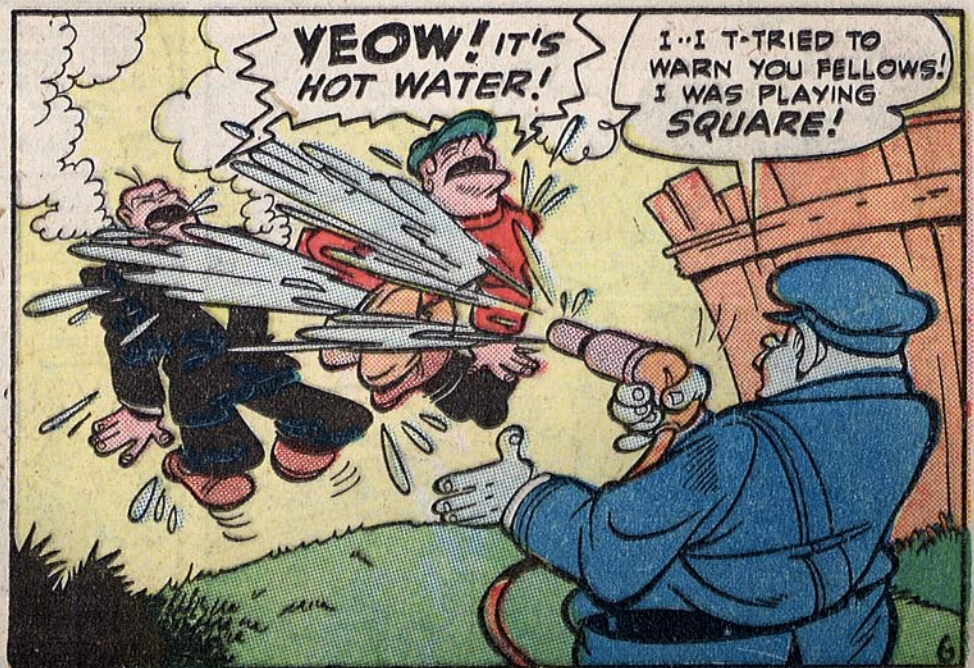
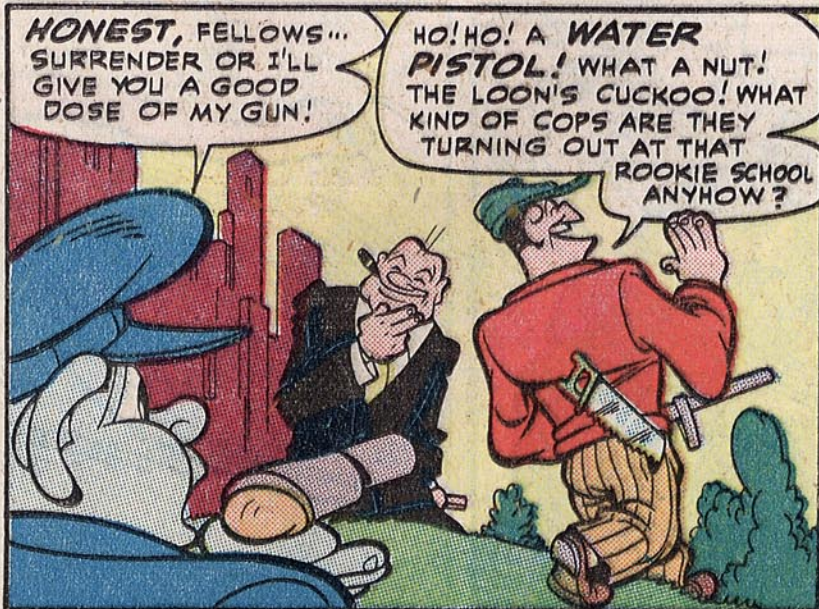
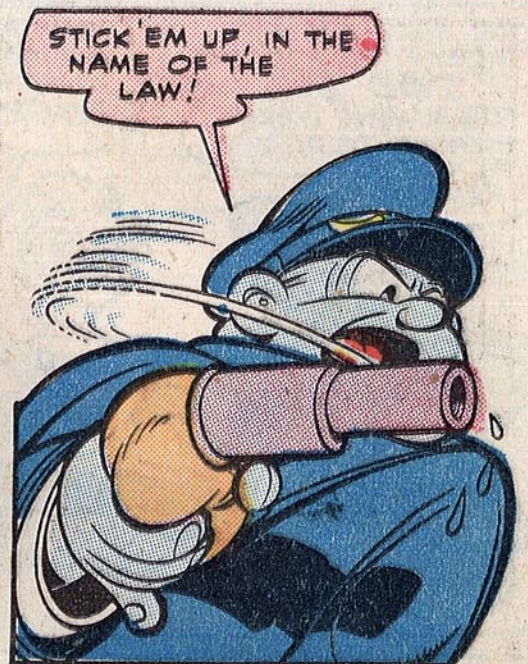
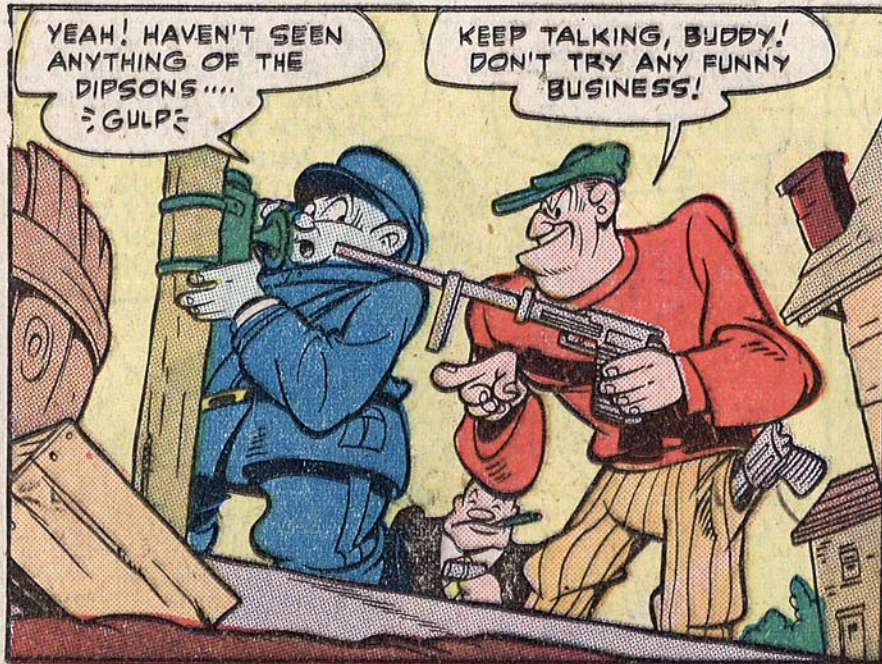
FEATURE COMICS



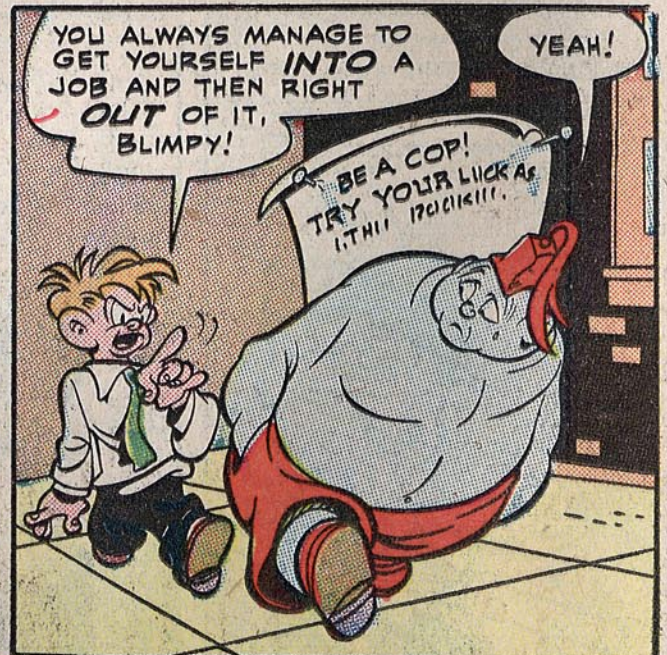
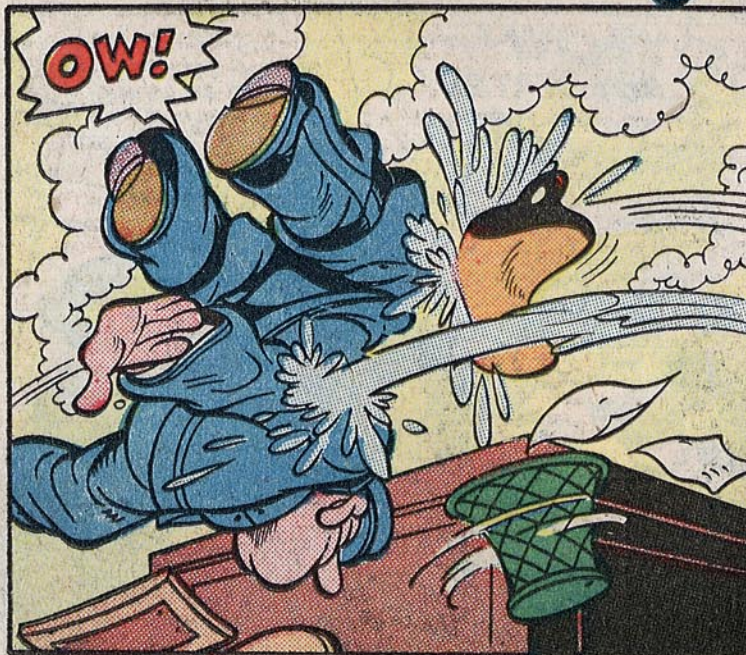
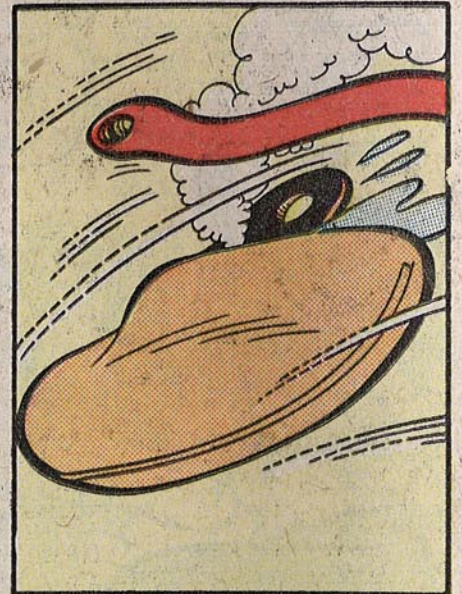
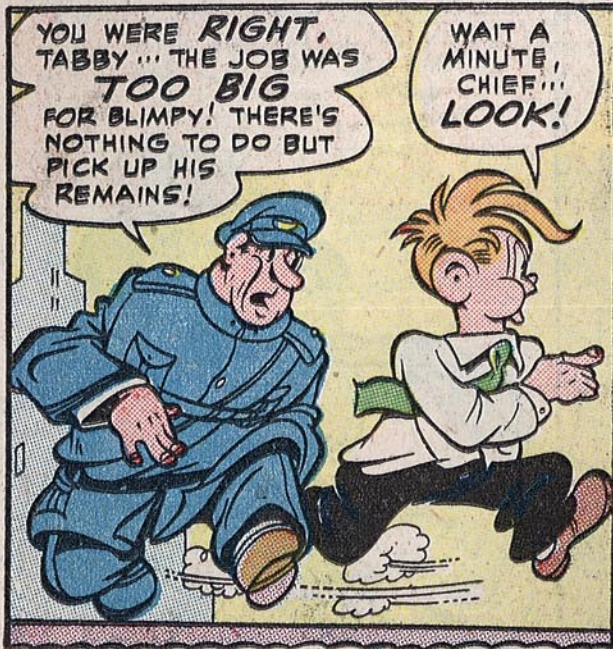




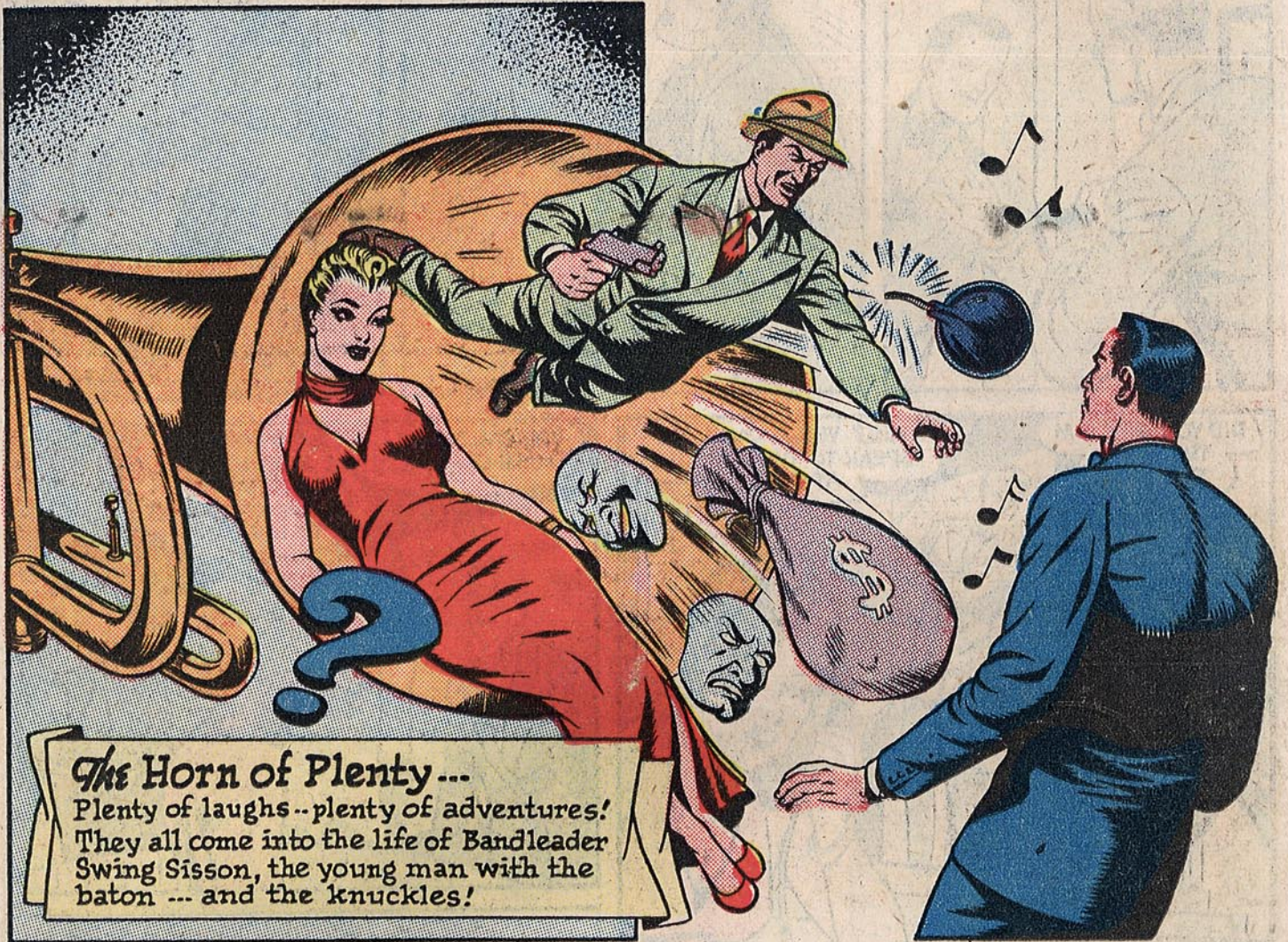
FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



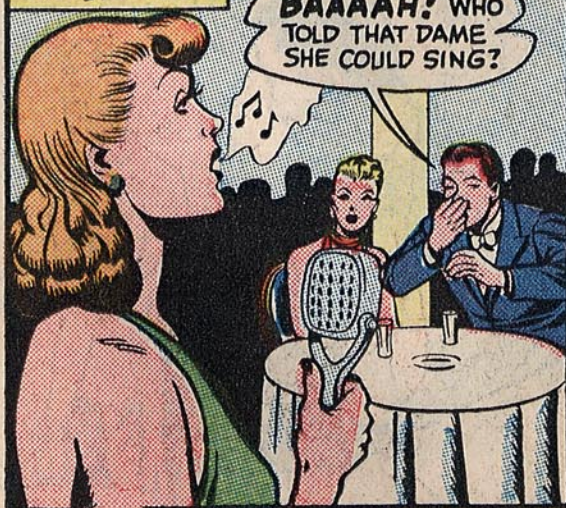
SWING SISSON



The Horn of Plenty...

Plenty of laughs..plenty of adventures!
They all come into the life of Bandleader
Swing Sisson, the young man with the
baton ... and the knuckles!

The high point of the ten o'clock show
at the **PALM CLUB** -- Bonnie Baxter sings,
and everybody likes it--with **ONE**
exception....



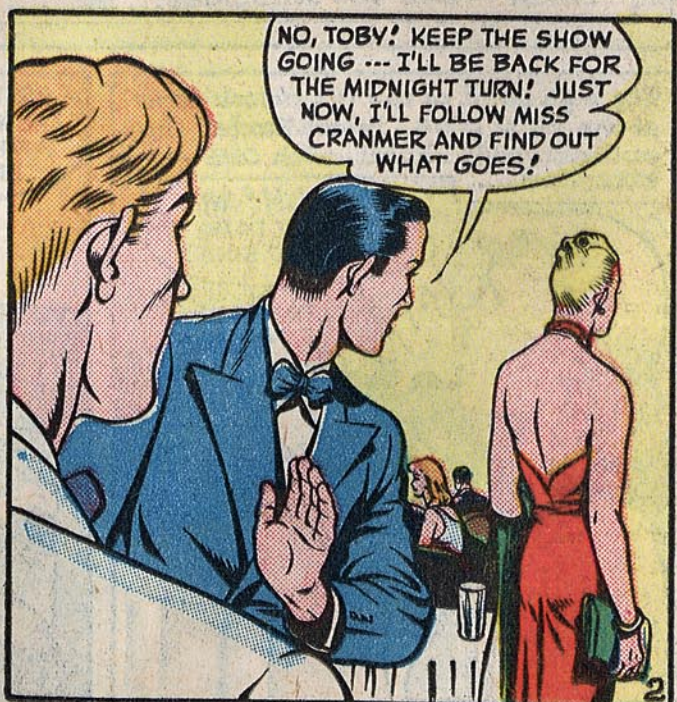
PSST, MAURICE... TELL
THE NOISE-MAKER HE'S
WANTED ON THE PHONE
IN THE LOBBY!



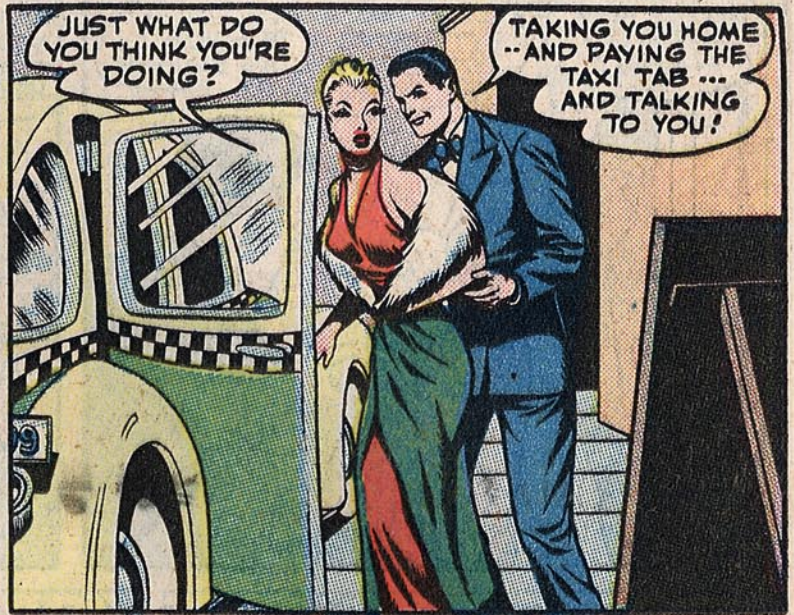
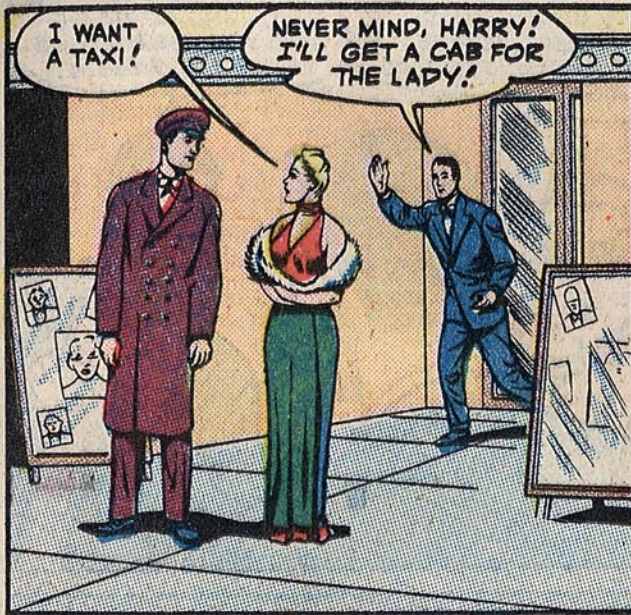
PHONE? WHO
WANTS ME?
WHERE'S THE
PHONE?

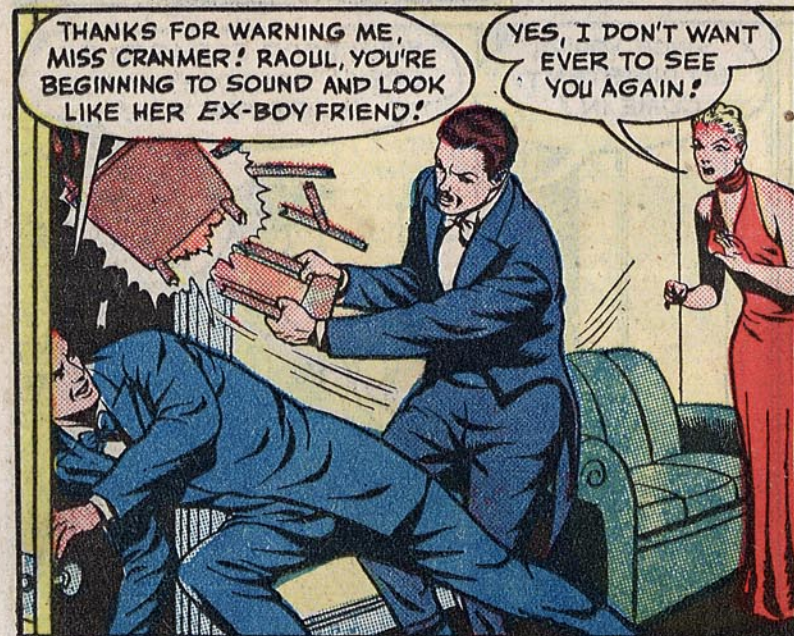


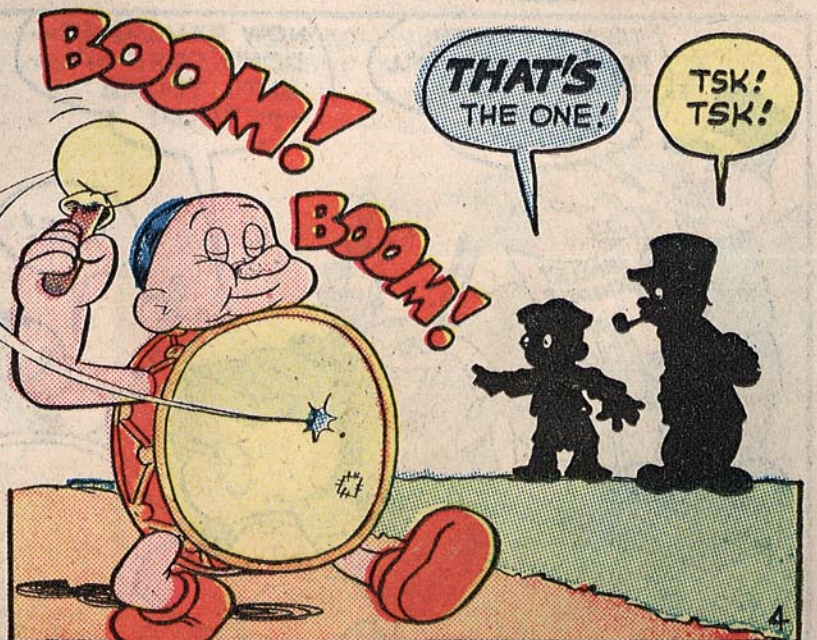
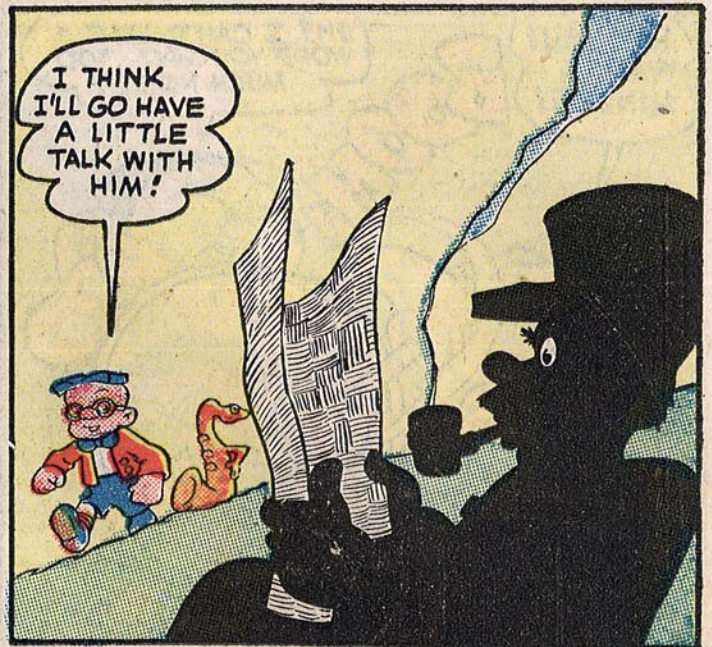
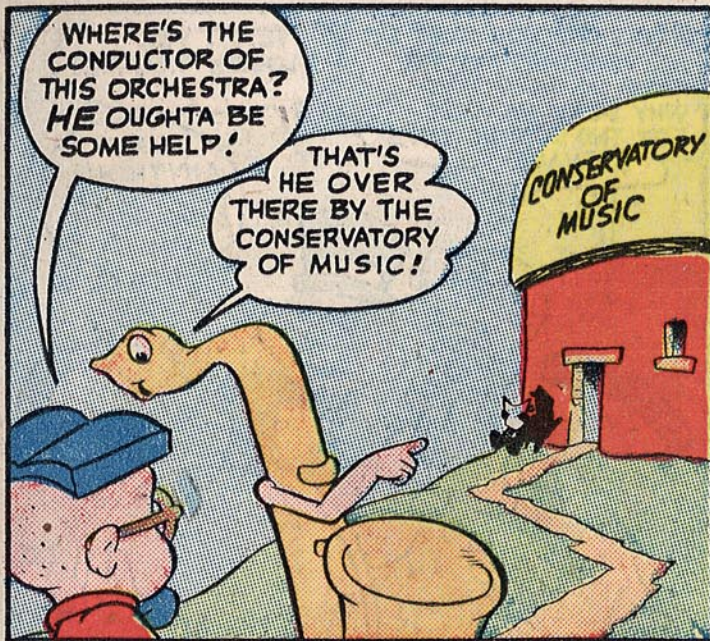
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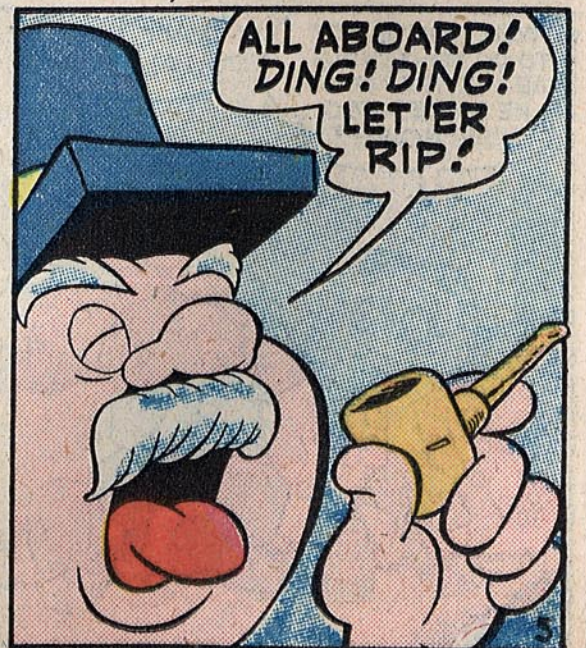
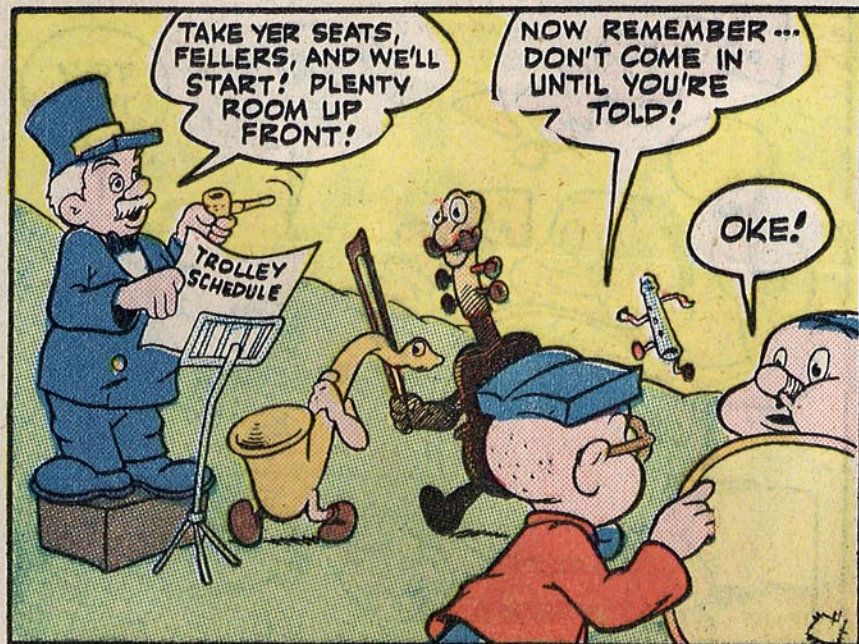
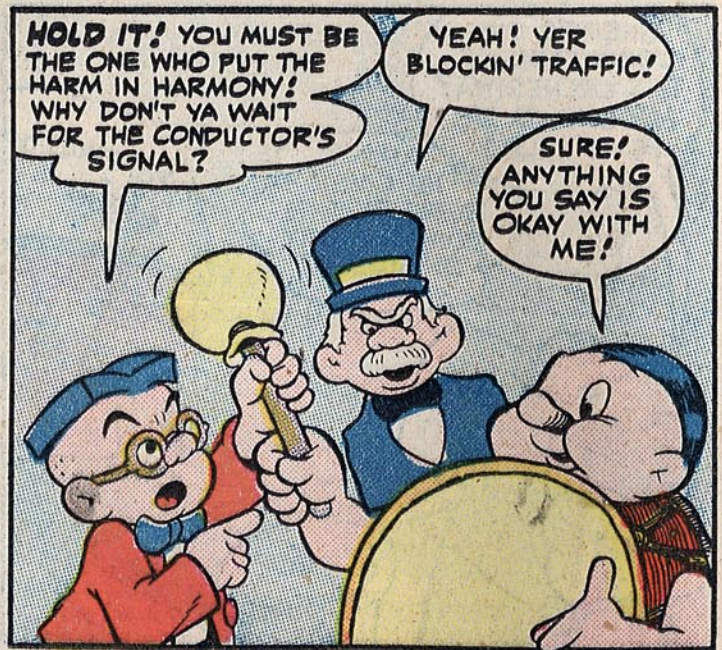
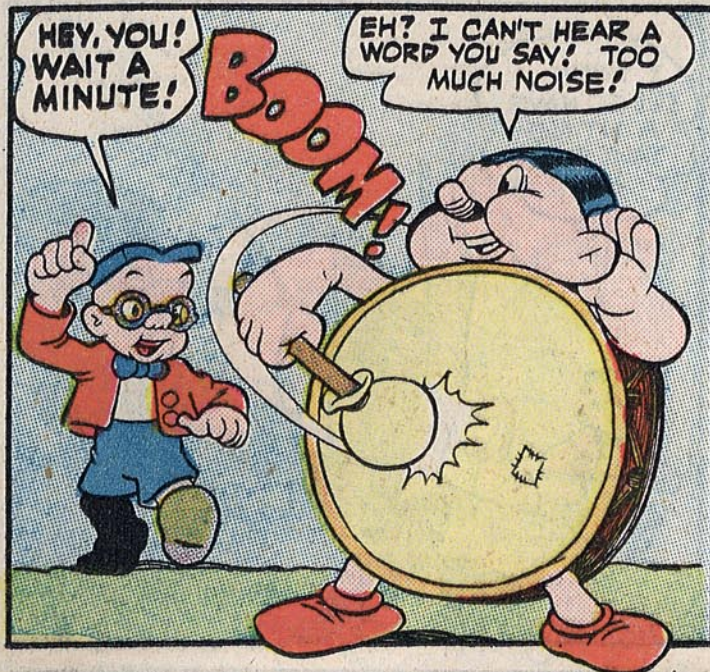
FEATURE COMICS



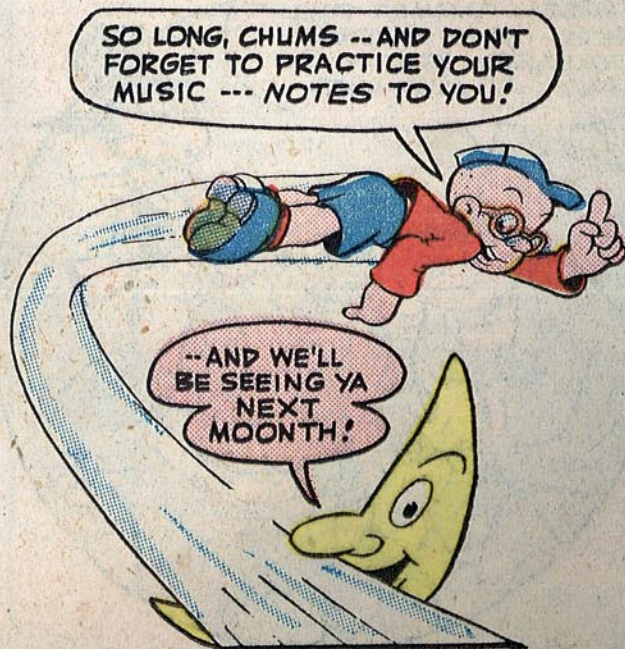
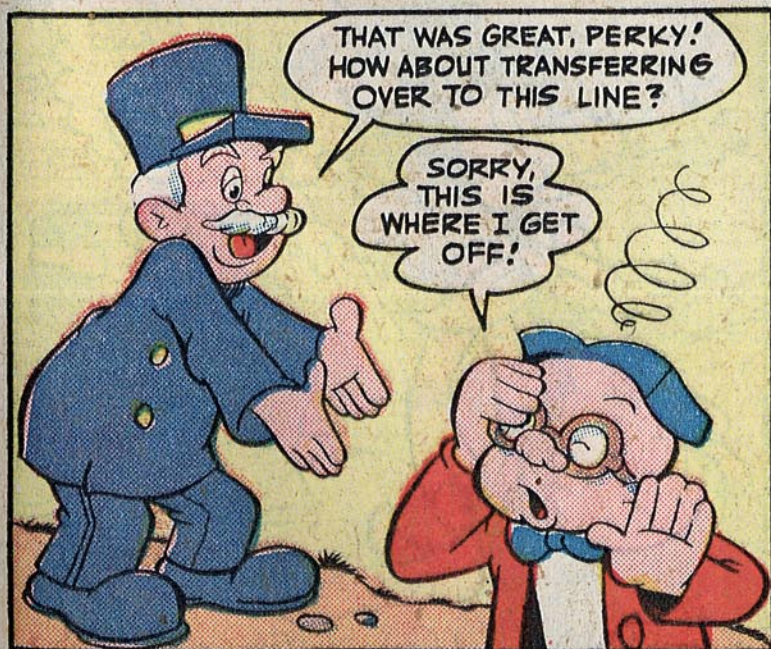
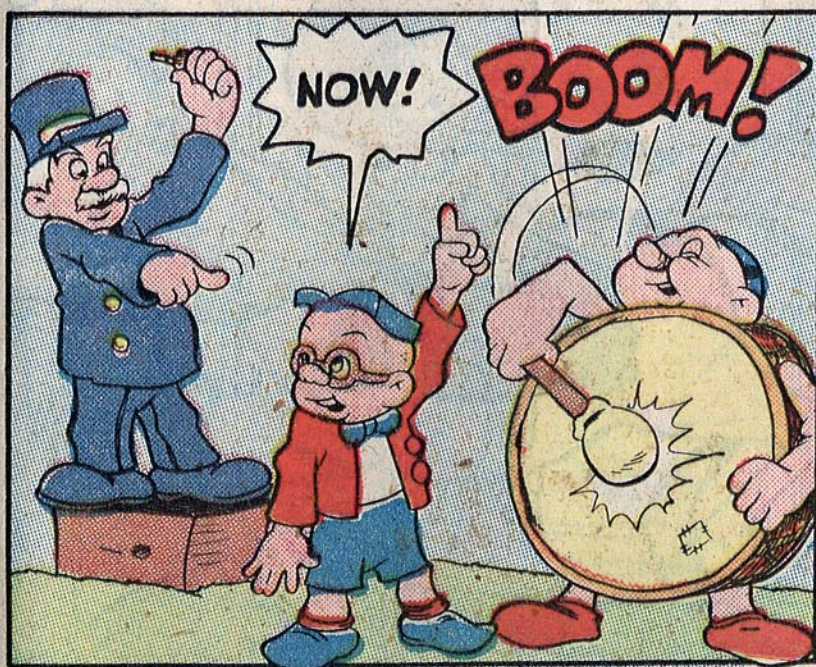
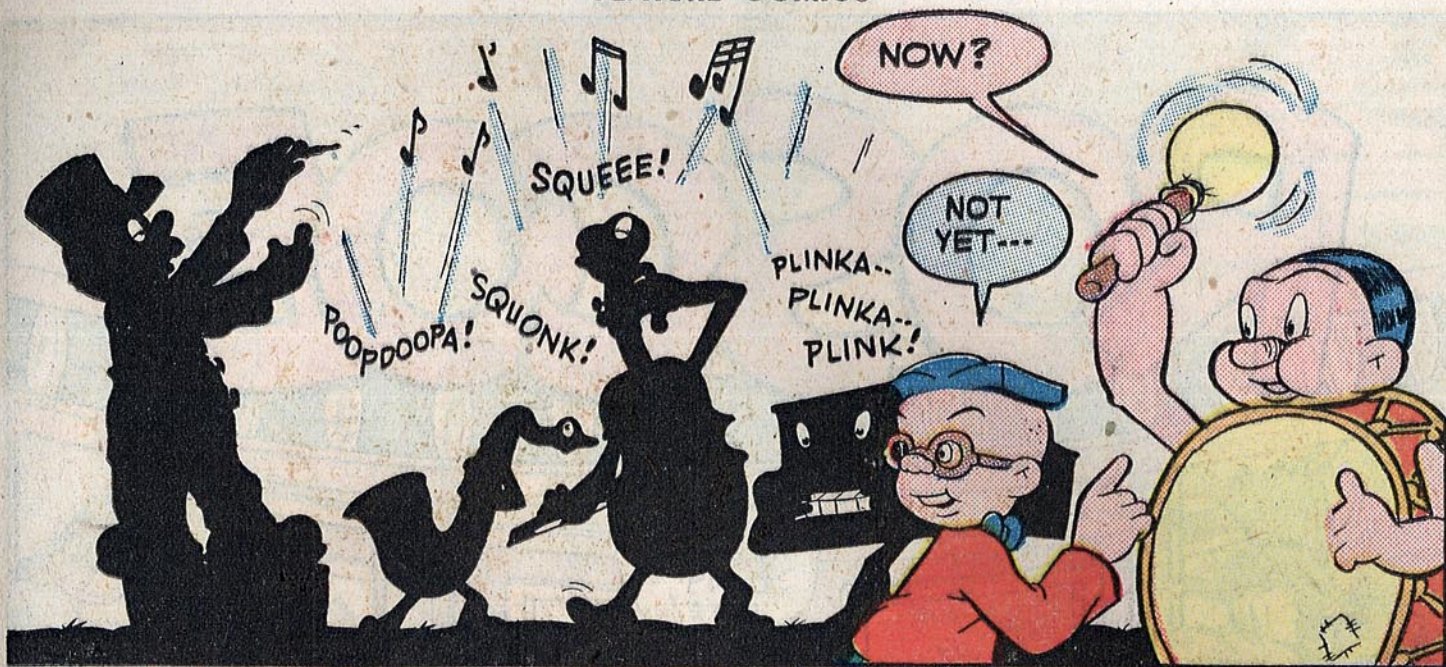




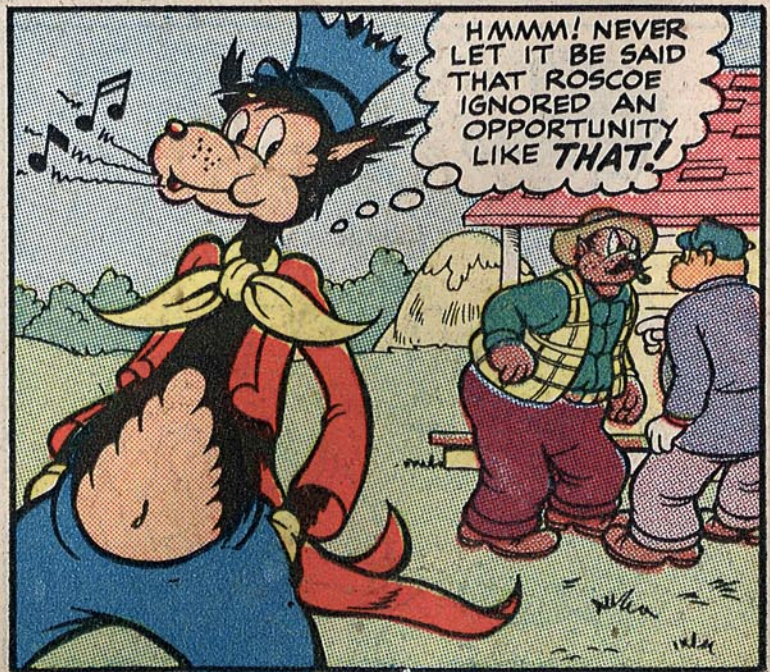
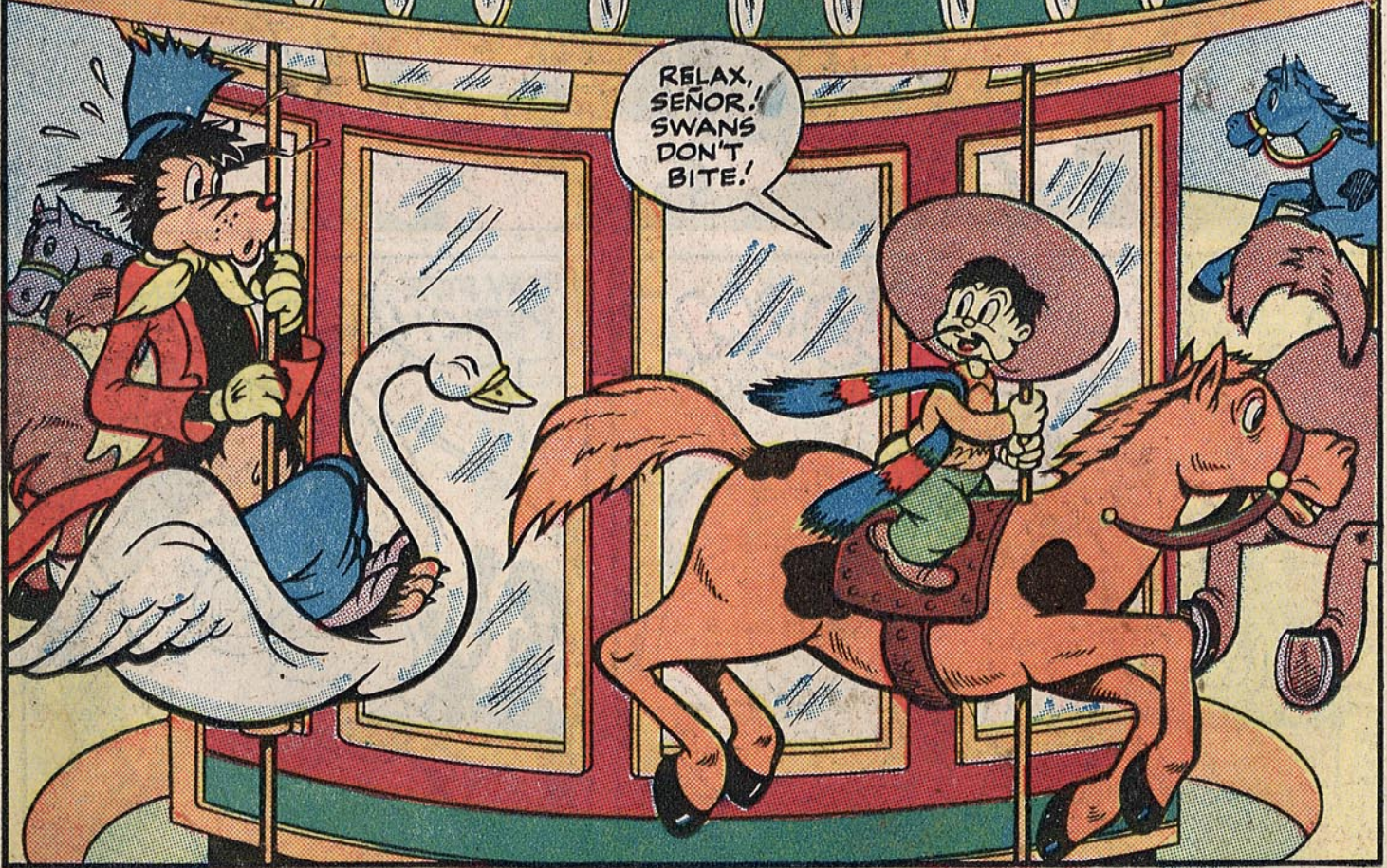
FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



ROSCOE



Later...

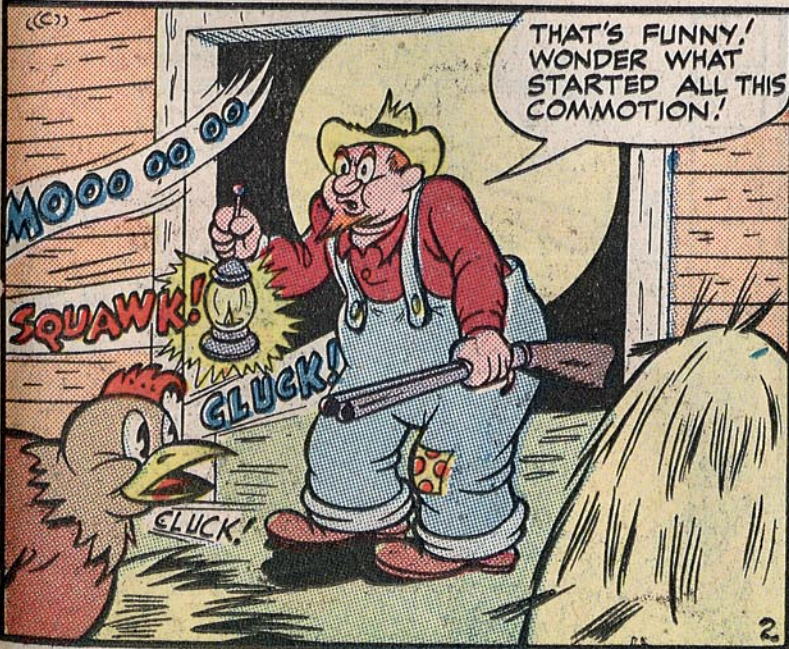
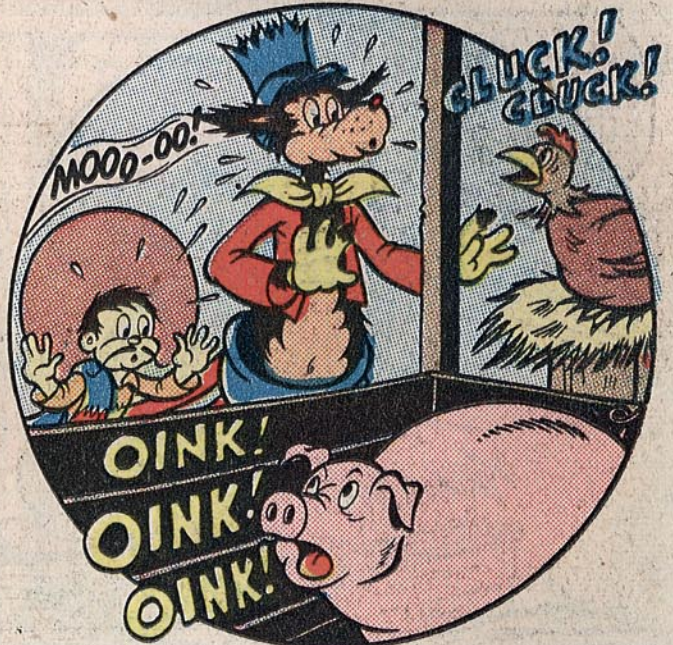
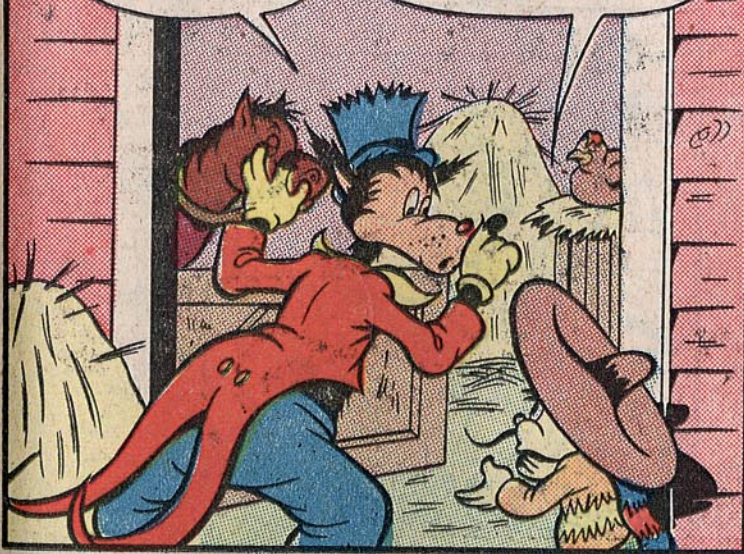
BUT, SEÑOR, YOU **KNOW** WE ALWAYS GET BURNED FINGERS WHEN WE FOLLOW UP ONE OF YOUR HOT TIPS!

DON'T BE SILLY, EL POPO! THIS HOT TIP MEANS COLD CASH!



SH-H! DON'T FRIGHTEN THE ANIMALS!

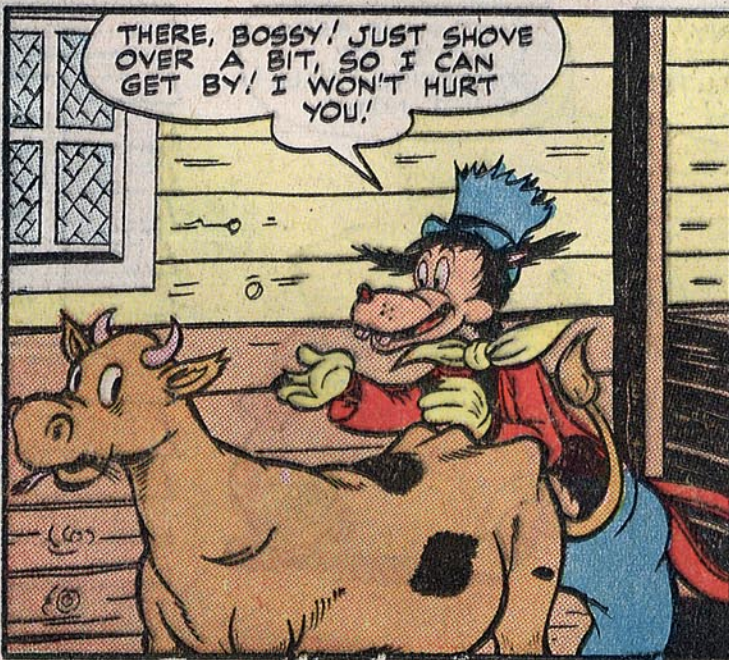
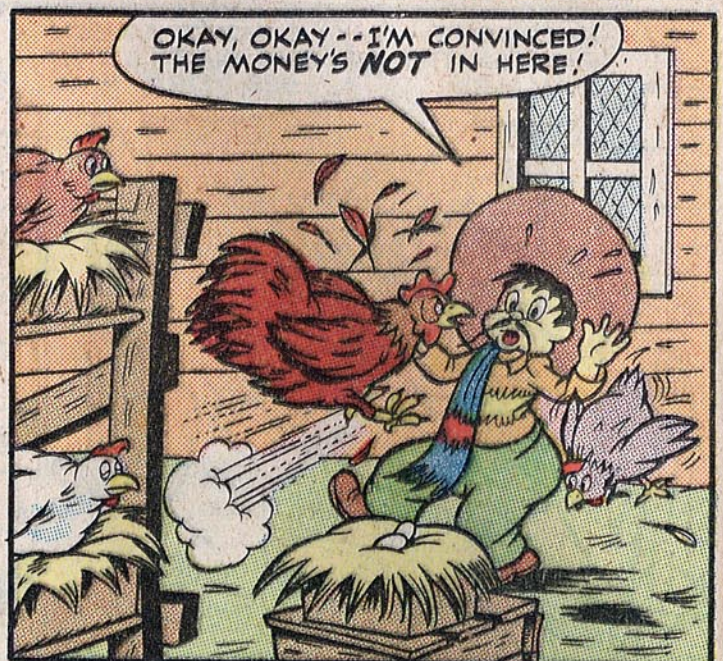
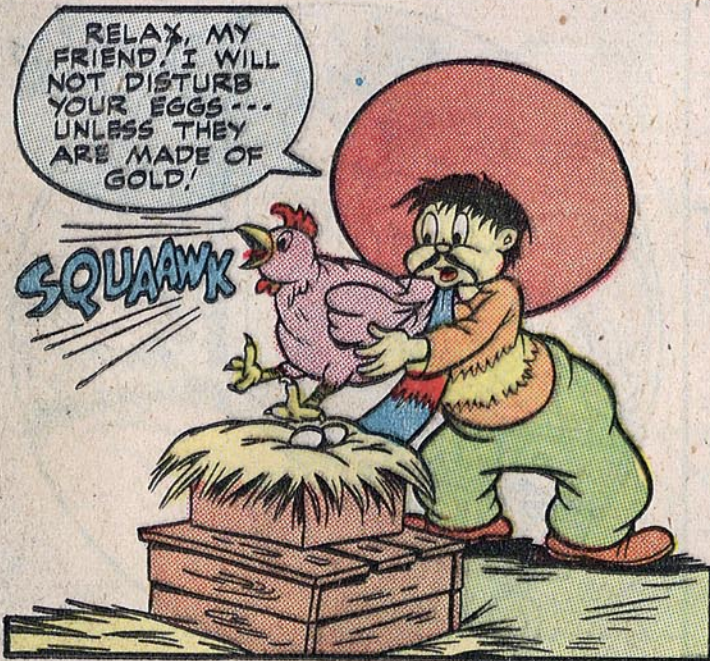
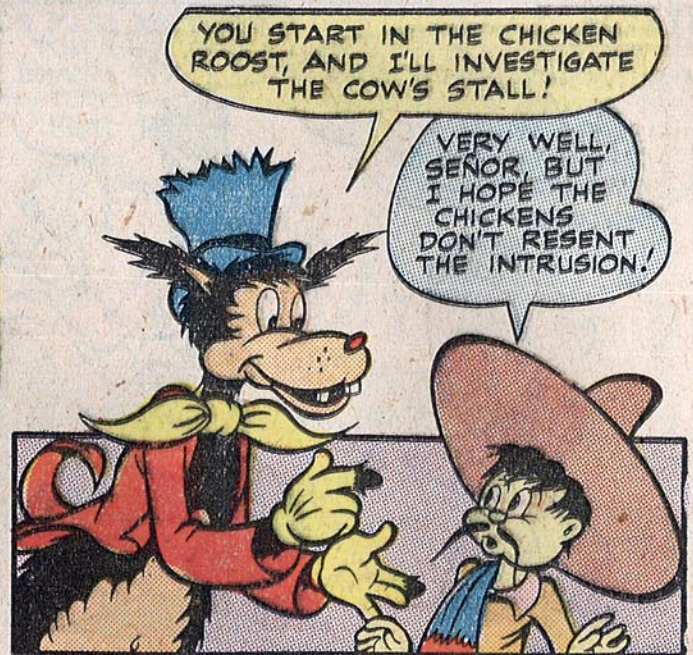
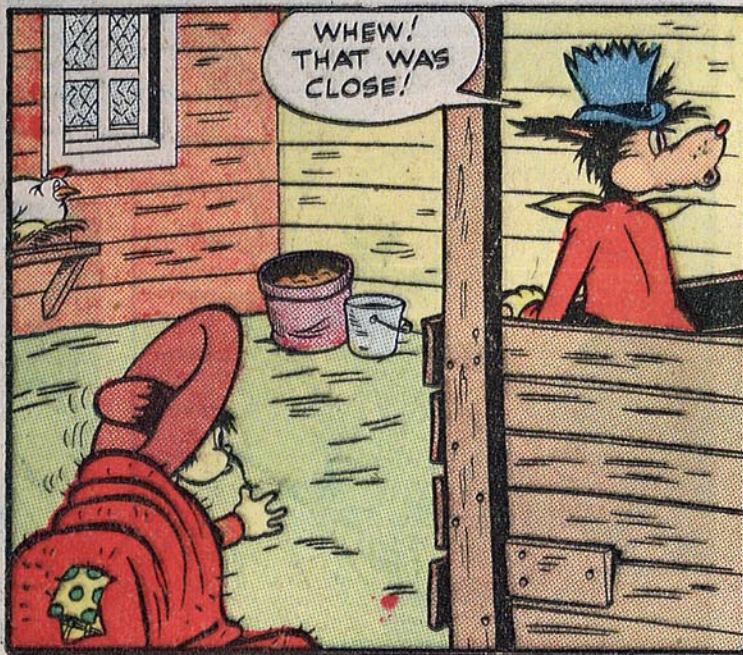
I WON'T, AMIGO! BUT WAIT'LL THEY SEE **YOUR** FACE!

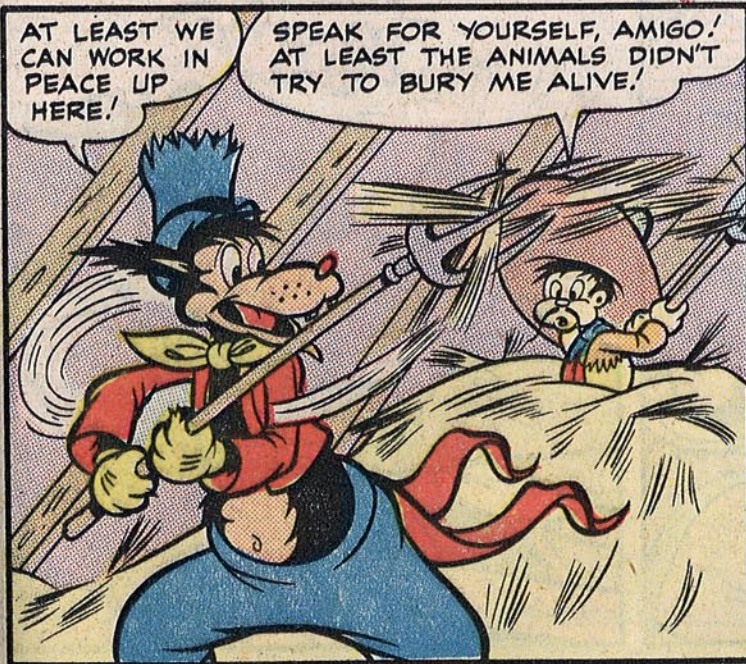


THAT'S FUNNY! WONDER WHAT STARTED ALL THIS COMMOTION!

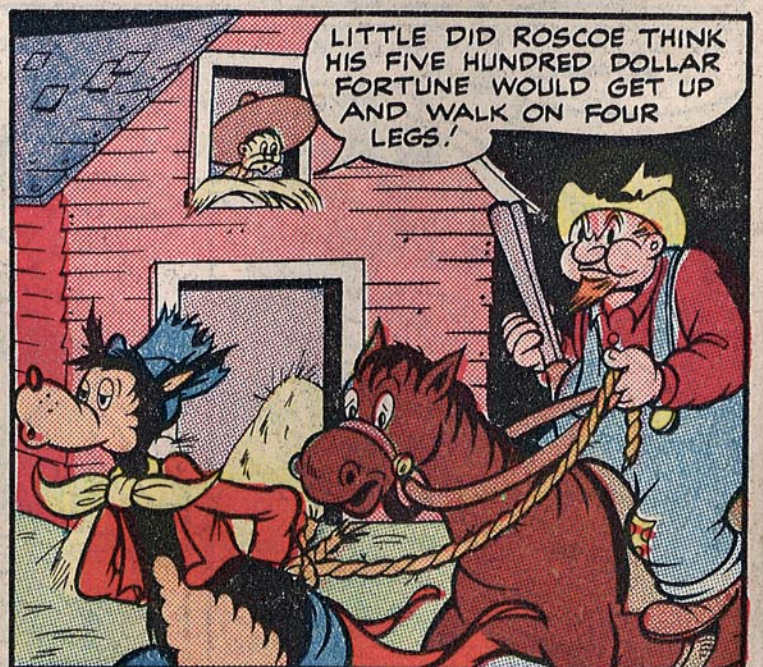
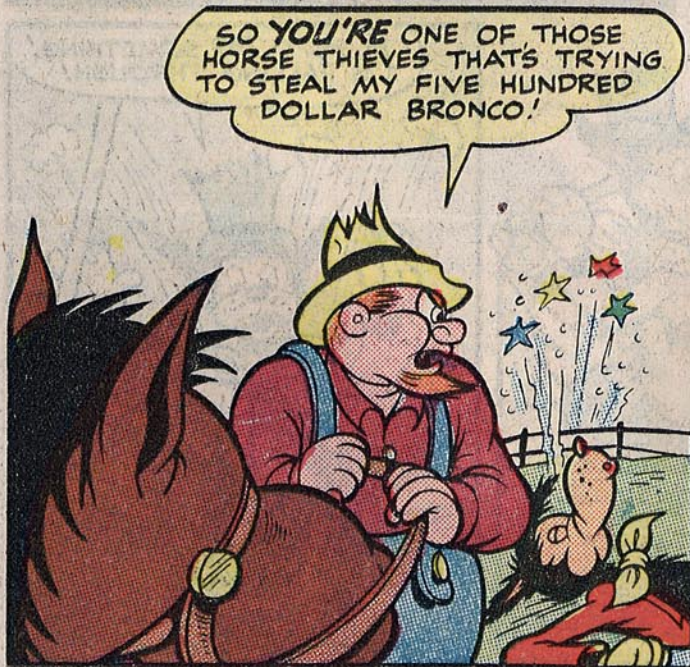
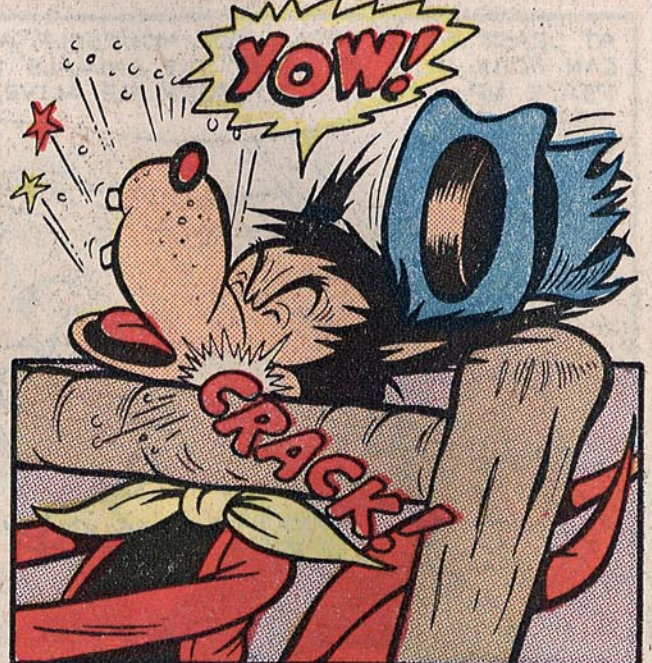
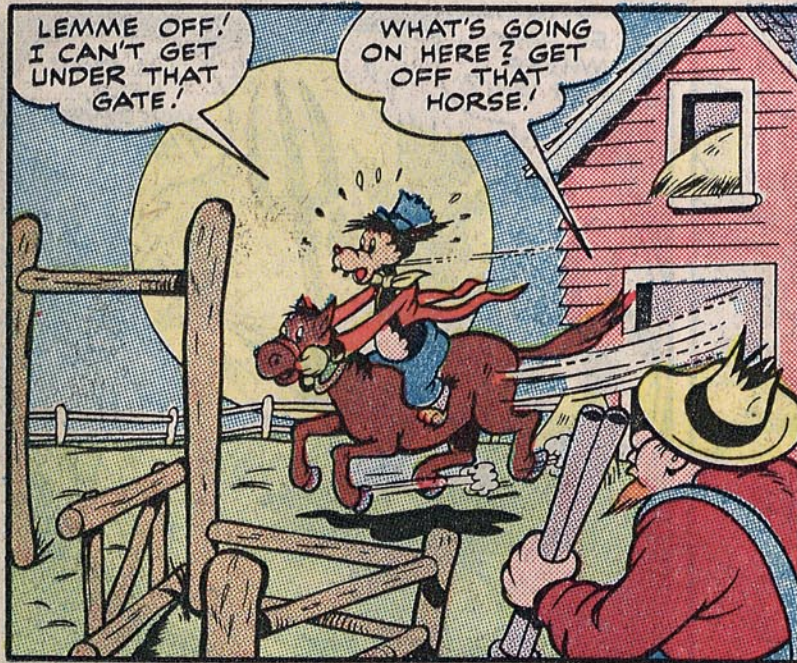
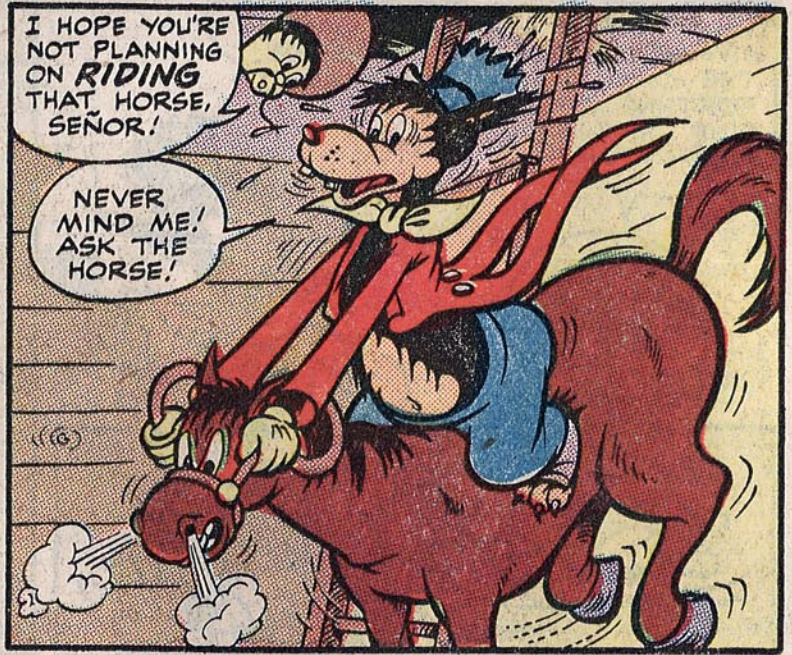


MUST HAVE BEEN A MOUSE OR SOMETHING! S'ALL QUIET NOW!





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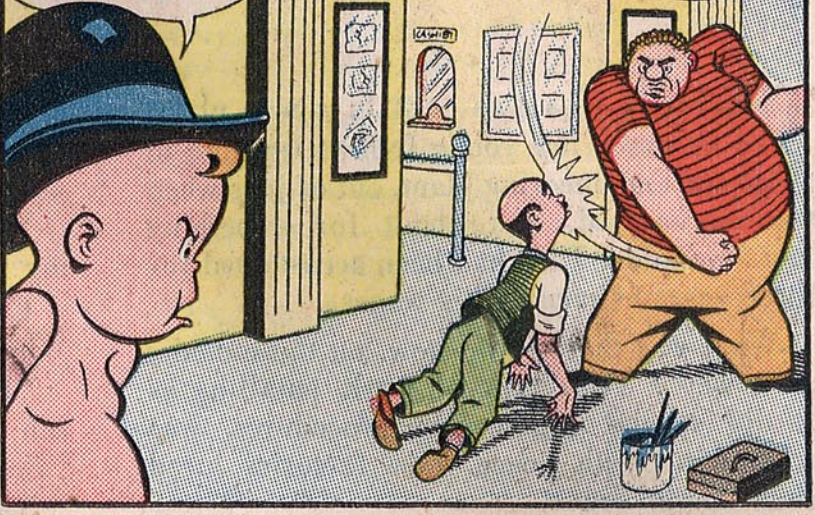
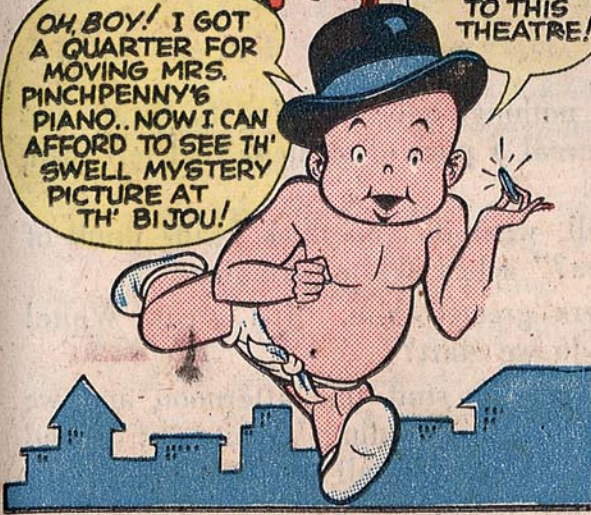
Poison Ivy

OH, BOY! I GOT A QUARTER FOR MOVING MRS. PINCHPENNY'S PIANO.. NOW I CAN AFFORD TO SEE TH' SWELL MYSTERY PICTURE AT TH' BIJOU!

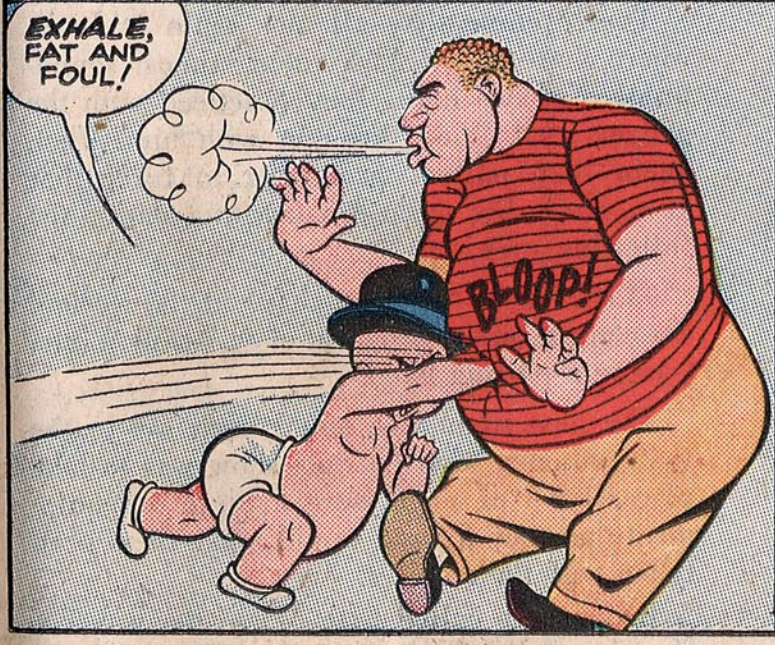
I'VE BEEN WAITING A WHOLE MONTH FOR IT TO COME TO THIS THEATRE!

HEY, THAT BIG BULLY'S BEATING UP THAT POOR LI'L GUY! I DON'T GO FOR THAT!

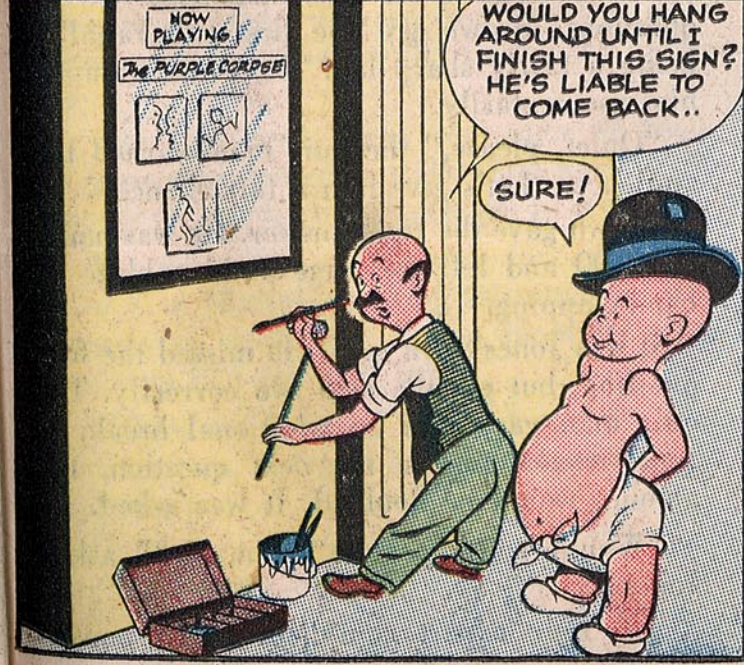
BIJOU
THE Purple Corpse



EXHALE, FAT AND FOUL!



G-GOSH, THANKS, KID! THAT GUY IS MY RIVAL IN THE SIGN PAINTING BUSINESS AND HE'S ALWAYS STEALING JOBS AWAY FROM ME!



WOULD YOU HANG AROUND UNTIL I FINISH THIS SIGN? HE'S LIABLE TO COME BACK..

SURE!



NO CHILDREN UNDER 16 ALLOWED IN THIS THEATRE

The FIVE MARVELS

THE bright idea was born in a war plant. To be exact, five young fellows working in an aircraft engineering plant, out of jobs when the war ceased, cast about for something lucrative to do. They had been accustomed for three years to earning big wages.

What was there to do now, on the outside, as it were? Their type of work, entailing as it did special engineering procedures, was washed up with peace. Few factories hired such employees.

"I tell you," said Jones, "we're out of luck. That's what we get for specializing in a racket that's only good in war."

Smith said, "Yeah, I thought of that when I started in studying this crazy stuff. We're out!"

Brown nodded his gloomy agreement. "Yes, I guess we're just five lost ginks now that peace has come."

"Oh, well," sighed Black, "I for one am glad the darn war is over. If Germany hadn't fallen when she did, I'd have been in those front lines. Mebbe our jobs aren't good now; but they kept us on velvet while the ruckus lasted."

The fifth member of the ousted group hadn't said anything up to now. White was his name. And in case you're wondering why these five guys are named as they are, just keep wondering because we aren't going to tip off their real names. Not yet.

Now White spoke: "It just happens that I have an idea, fellows. You remember I did a lot of special work on hearing aids—engineering data."

The other four nodded. "So what?"

White waved a languid hand. "Mebbe there's an idea hatching around in my bright bonnet. Listen, you muggs, and I'll let you in on a little secret."

And for the next twenty minutes White talked and the four others sat spellbound,

saying nothing, only listening to their comrade reveal a plan of strategy that left them groggy.

"Well, what do you thick heads think of my idea?" asked White, grinning.

Cheers greeted him. "It's great, White! When do we start?"

"I'll get the stuff this afternoon and we can practice this evening." White got up and yawned. "Meet you all at Joe's."

The five parted.

That evening they all met again at Joe's, where there was a back room, almost sound-proof. For two hours they practiced with the gadgets that White brought with him. Then again they parted, promising to foregather at a certain big radio broadcasting station the following evening.

"I'll arrange with the chaps at the station. We can get on the program okay," said White, waving a parting hand.

The next night five young men sat in the vast audience where a quiz show was to take place. Each of them wore a piece of equipment that they figured would make them pretty hot with the answers.

Brown was called first. When the wave of cheering fell off, the quiz man began firing questions. Brown got the first two rapidly, being a fairly sharp lad. The third stumped him momentarily.

"Quiet, please," the quiz man warned the audience. "Let's give him a fair chance."

Brown gave the right answer. He was handed \$100 and left the stage amid a blaze of hand-clapping.

It was Jones' turn next. He missed the first question, but got the next two correctly. The quiz man gave him an additional break. If Jones could answer the next question, the amount would be doubled. It was asked.

"Would you repeat it again, sir?" asked Jones.

The quiz expert complied. Jones paused

FEATURE COMICS

only a moment, and came out with the right answer. The applause was deafening.

Jones stepped down from the stage with \$250 in his fist and a fat grin on his fat face.

Black was next called to the stage.

The questions and answers were given with fair rapidity. Black got them all—plus \$100, and a round of clapping.

The other two, White and Smith, had their turns, each coming away with fine prizes. It had been a most successful evening.

"What did I tell you?" asked White when they had all gathered at Joe's. "Was that a brain-wave, or was it a brain-wave?"

"You're a marvel!" cried Jones. "It's like taking candy from a kid. Boy, how we'll whizz 'em from here on in!"

Brown grinned. "Boys," he said, "do you realize that we can make the rounds coast to coast on this honey of a deal?"

The back room at Joe's shook with hurrahs, and White was toasted like a King.

The five lads made the rounds in New York, then took a plane for Minneapolis, where three big quiz shows were in progress.

Soon they were in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Dallas, Atlanta.

The newspapers began running stories about the five boys who knew it all. The five ex-war workers who couldn't be stuck. The answer-it-all kids.

Perry Scott hadn't attended any of the broadcasts where the five marvels had done their answer magic, but he read some of the stories.

"Hm," he said; "they sure must be good. I guess even better than the Quiz Kids. More power to 'em. I'd like to see 'em in action."

But the chance didn't come for some time. The Five Marvels, making thousands of dollars every week, were flitting about the country now like jumping jacks.

"Think it's better if we don't stay too long in one place," advised White. "Someone might get snoopy."

Thus they skimmed the cream off the better quiz shows over the country. It made no difference what the transportation cost; they were making plenty of money.

"Boy," sang Brown, "does this ever beat engineering procedures writing!"

Back in New York after a fat seven months of chasing about the country, the boys were waiting for a particularly high-paying quiz show that was to come off in a week.

One evening Perry was eating in a little restaurant off Times Square. In the next booth he heard two men talking. At first he didn't listen, then his ear caught something that made him stop feeding his face. His eyes glowed.

"So that's it," he said to himself. "I might've known . . . well, maybe I'll break up this racket!"

Perry went to see a certain captain of detectives and told him the story of what he'd heard.

"Now you have several of your boys at the entrance of the radio station tonight. This is the opening night and they'll be there. Do just as I say, and we'll have some fun."

The five boys never appeared all together. They arrived at broadcasts singly. They had long since begun changing their names, just to allay suspicion.

Brown arrived first. Two men stepped to either side of him and whispered in his ear. They quickly removed something from his head and pocketed it.

"Get moving," one ordered. "And get up on stage when your name's called. We'll be watching!"

The other four were caught and given the same treatment. The show started a few minutes after the five lads, with a man on either side of him, were seated.

The first one was called. On stage he was a sad flop. This was a tough quiz, and for some strange reason he fell down miserably. The same thing happened to all of them.

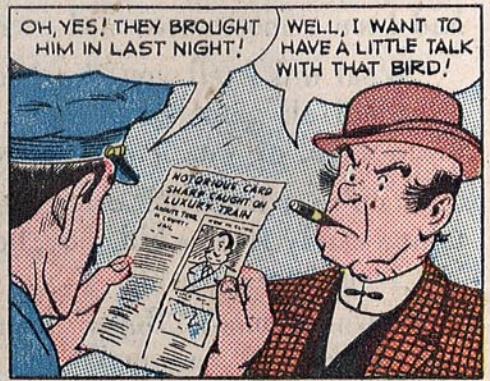
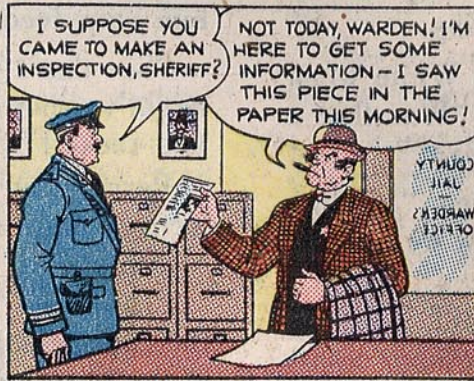
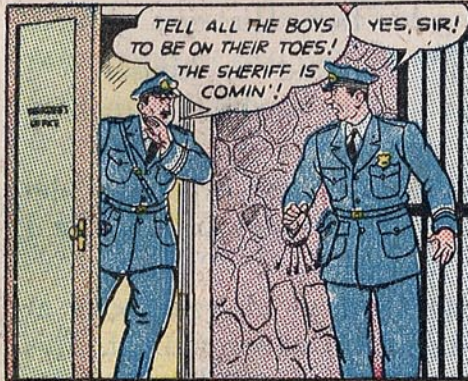
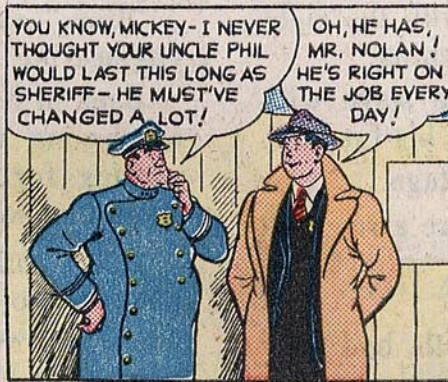
Later Perry Scott explained.

"These five fellows," he said, "are cheats. They have discovered that, at all quiz shows, people in the audience are prone to whisper the answers, even though the quiz master cautions against it. Well, these lads found that, by wearing high-powered hearing aids, they could hear the slightest whisper far back in every audience. Do you wonder that they got all the answers?"

FEATURE COMICS

MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE

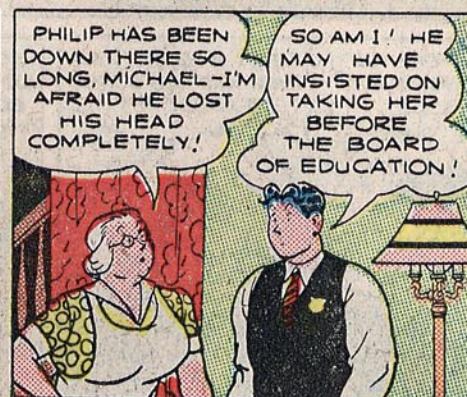
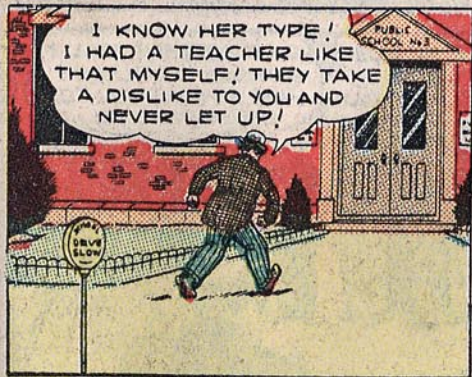
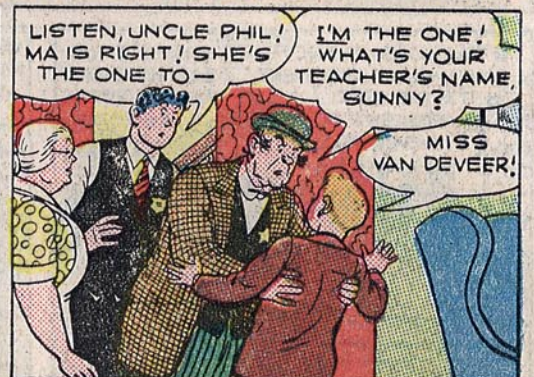
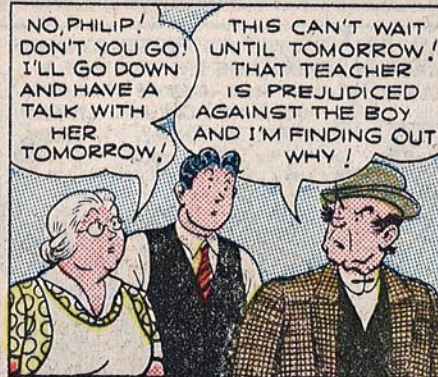
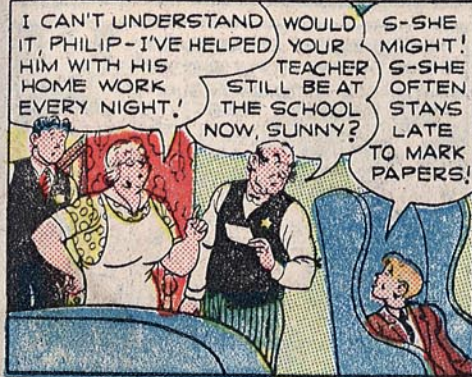
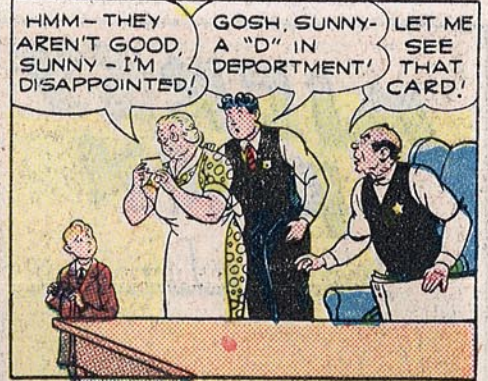
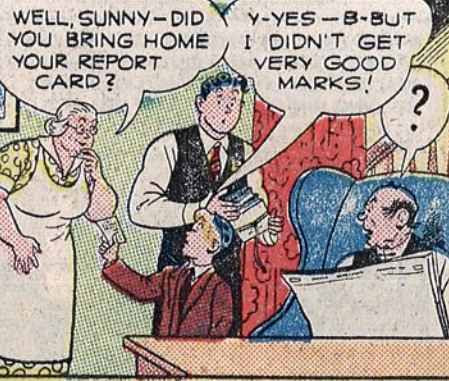
By Lank Leonard



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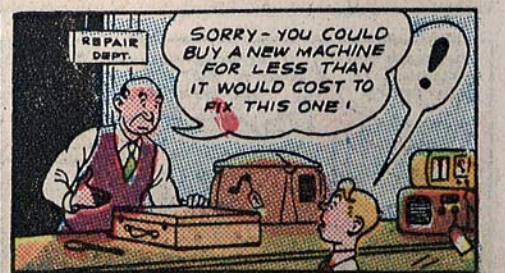
MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD



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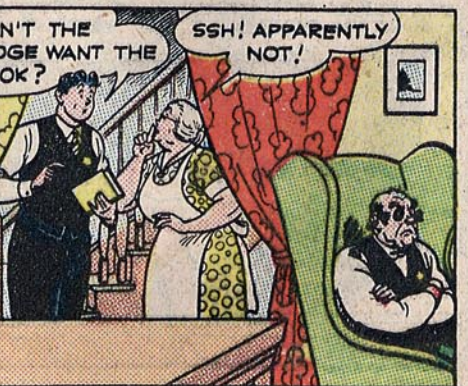
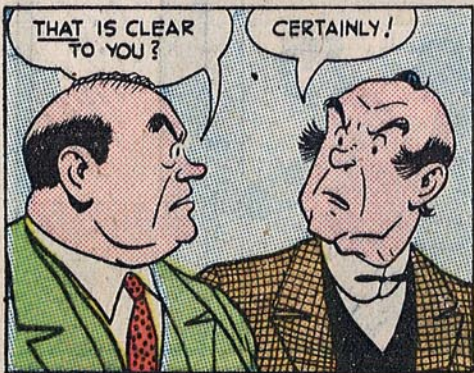
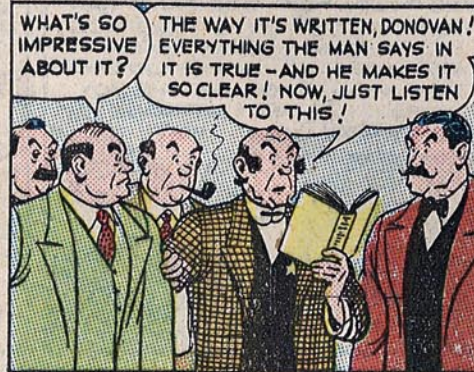
By Lank Leonard



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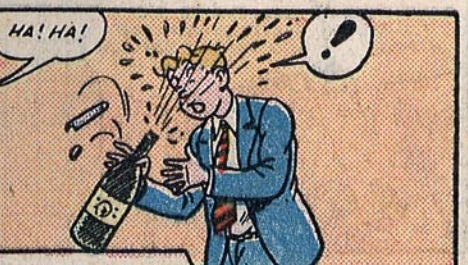
MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard



FEATURE COMICS

MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD

WELL, MICKEY-DO YOU REALIZE THAT PHIL WILL SOON HAVE BEEN SHERIFF FOR ONE WHOLE YEAR?

YES, SERGEANT! HIS FRIENDS ARE GIVING HIM A DINNER AT HIS LODGE TONIGHT!



I WONDER HOW LONG HE WOULD HAVE LASTED IF WE HADN'T BEEN AROUND TO RUN THINGS?

NOT VERY LONG, I'M AFRAID!



CAN YOU IMAGINE WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED, IF HE'D HAD TO DEPEND ON THOSE NIT-WITS HE APPOINTED AS HIS DEPUTIES?

BOY-O-BOY! THEY SURE ARE CORKERS!



I'LL NEVER FORGET THE NIGHT HE RAIDED THAT RAT-POISON FACTORY-THINKING IT WAS A BOOTLEG LIQUOR STILL!

AND DRANK SOME OF THE POISON! WE CERTAINLY WERE LUCKY TO GET HIM OUT OF THAT!



AND WE WERE LUCKY THAT NIGHT AT THE BRICKLAYERS' BALL-McHOOEY'S THUGS WERE THERE TO GET HIM-AND GOOD!!

THEY SURE WERE! AND HE HAD SAID HE DIDN'T NEED US THERE TO PROTECT HIM!



THEN THERE WAS THAT WIDOW WHO ALMOST HOOKED HIM INTO PROTECTING HER GAMBLING HOUSE! WHAT A SCANDAL THAT WOULD HAVE MADE!

I'LL SAY! GEE-SUPPOSE YOU HADN'T CHECKED UP ON HER!



AND, MICKEY-SUPPOSE YOU HADN'T GONE WITH HIM TO GUARD CLARIBEL TITE'S ESTATE?

YEAH-HE SURE WOULD'VE GUMMED THAT UP!



I WONDER IF HE REALLY APPRECIATES ALL THAT WE'VE DONE FOR HIM?

I'D LIKE TO THINK HE DOES, SERGEANT -BUT-



BUT, UNCLE PHIL, WE'VE GOT A LOT OF WORK TO DO AND-

NEVER MIND THE WORK! I WANT YOU BOTH OVER HERE!

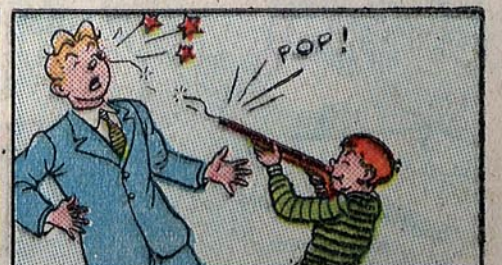
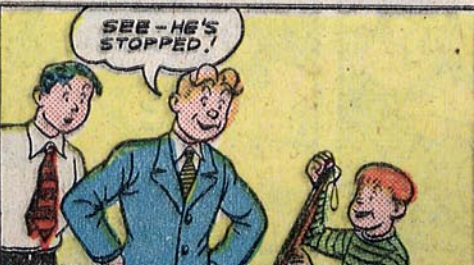


NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard

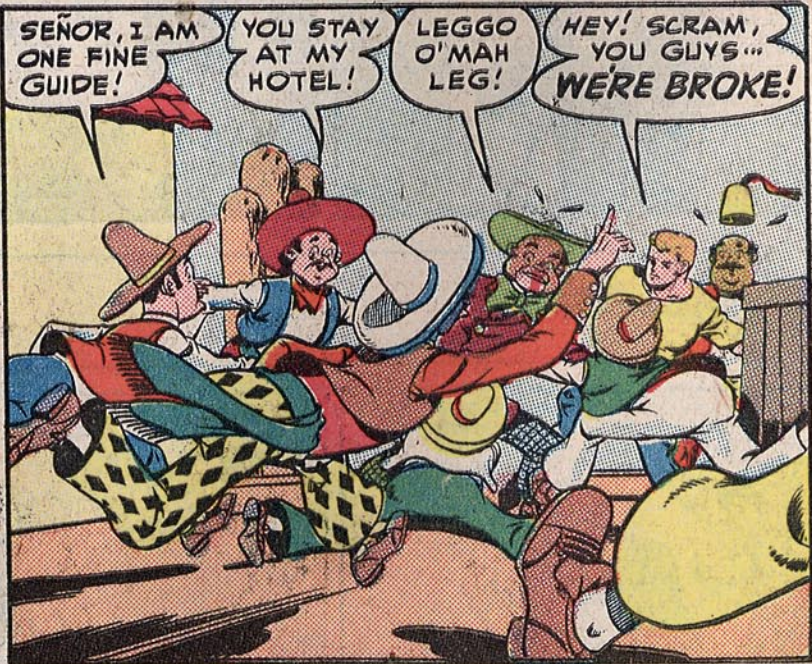
MY MOTHER DOESN'T WANT HIM TO PLAY WITH THAT POP GUN, NIPPIE!

AW-HE CAN'T DO ANY HARM WITH IT-AND IT'LL STOP HIM FROM CRYIN'!

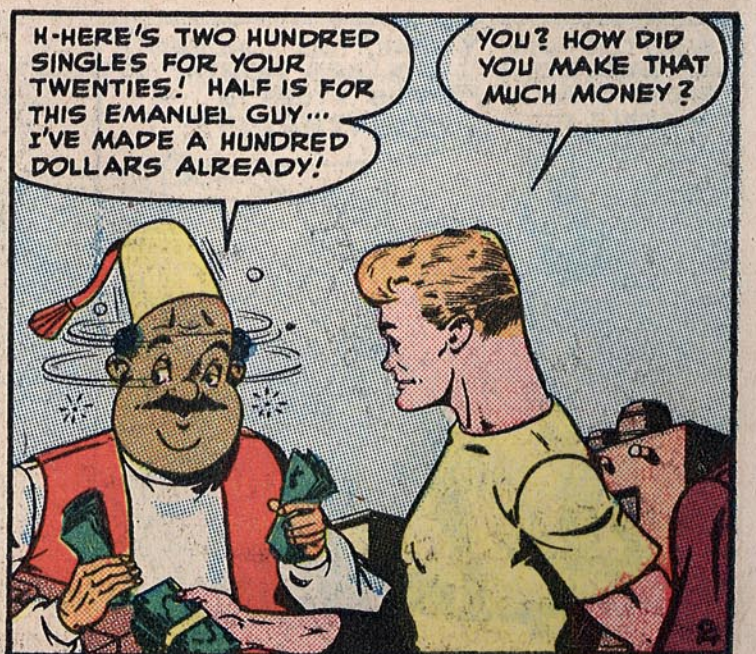
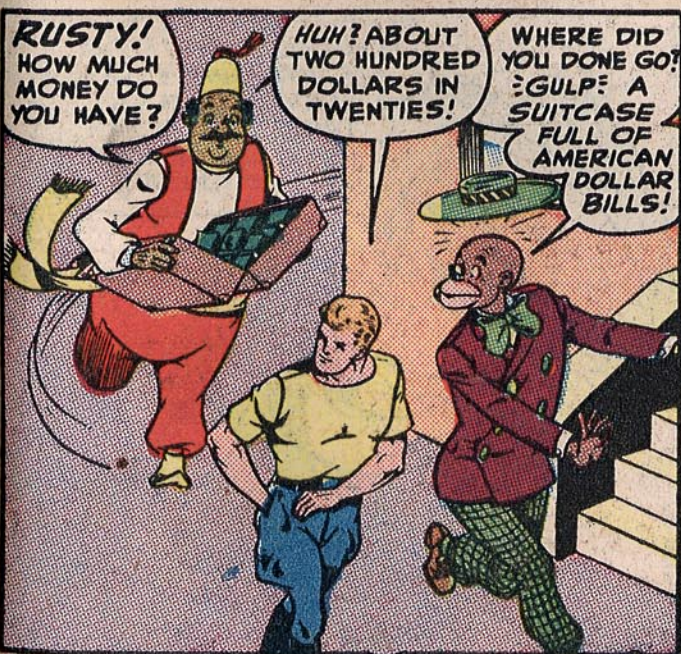


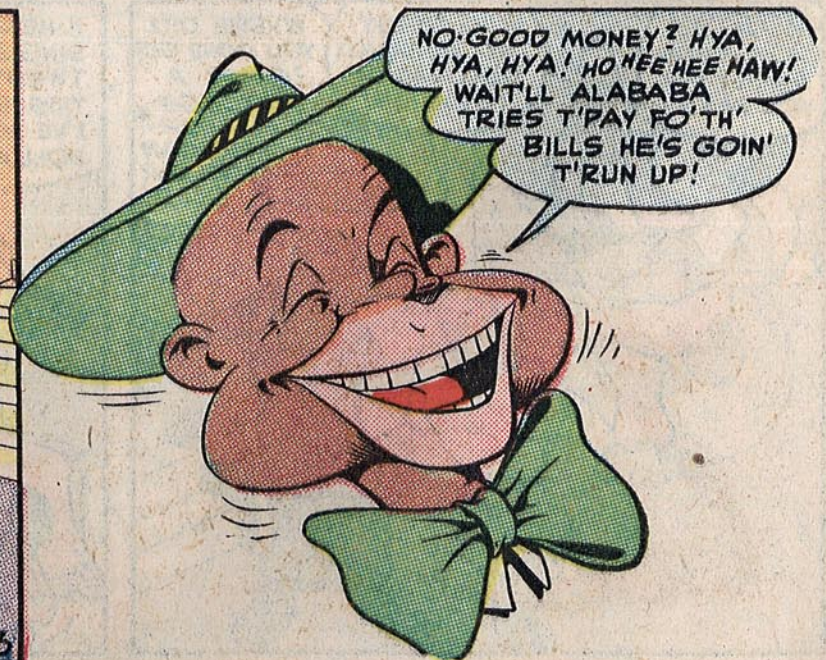
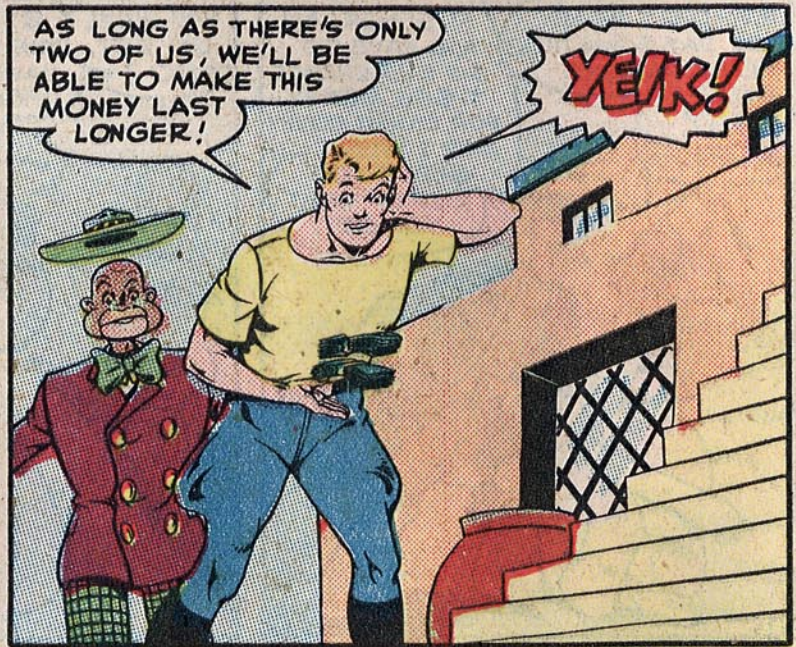
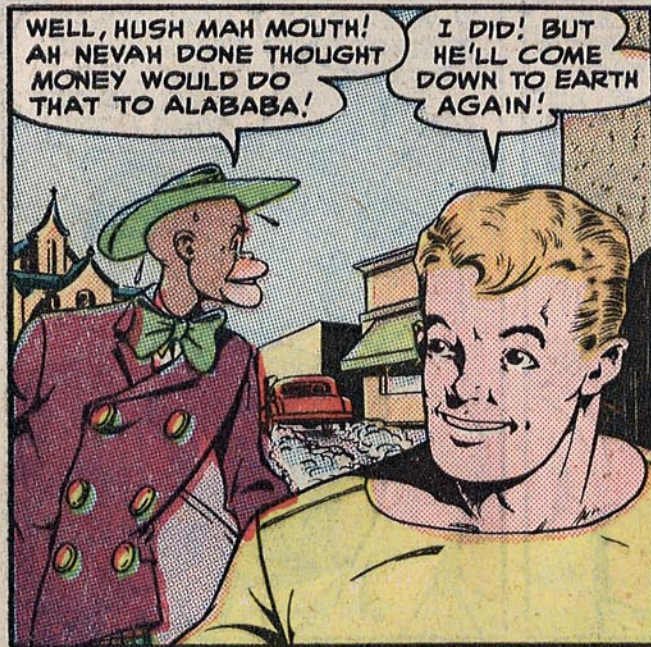
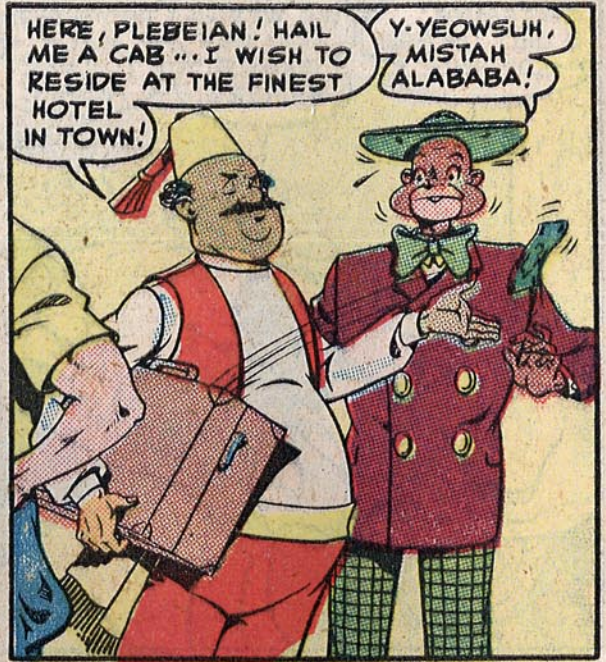
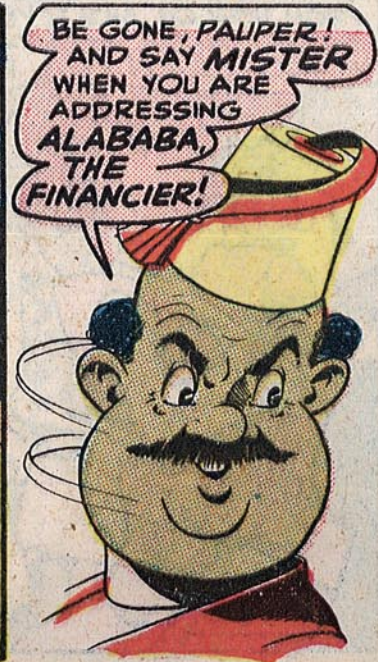
Rusty RYAN

OR... the calamities
of an adventurer...
and a couple of
SCREWBALLS!

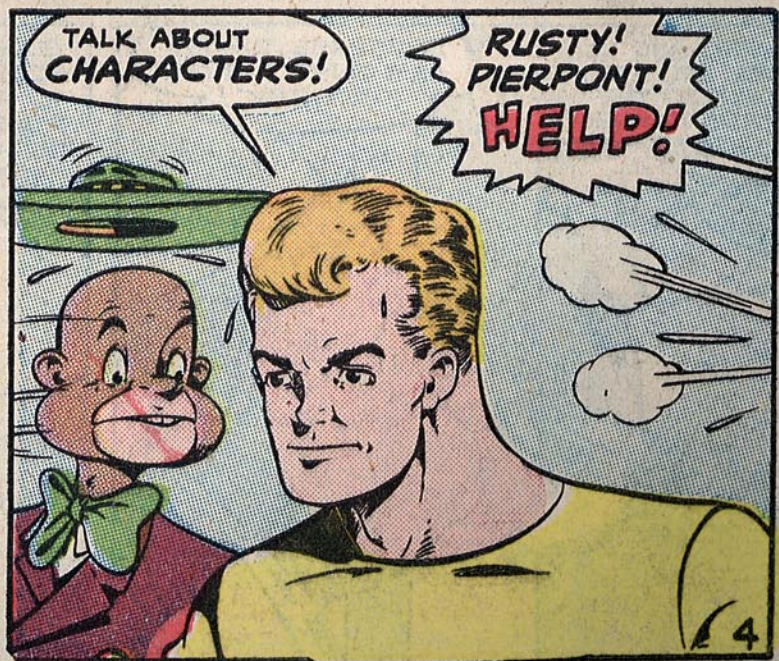
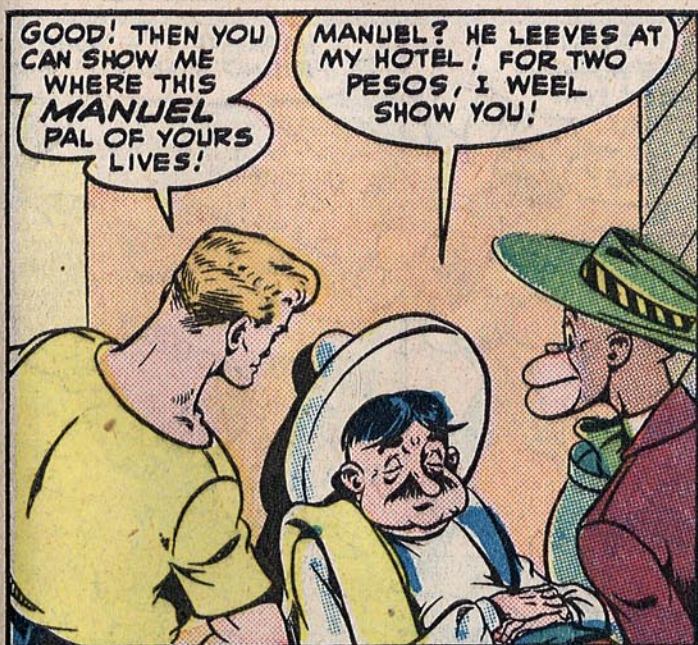


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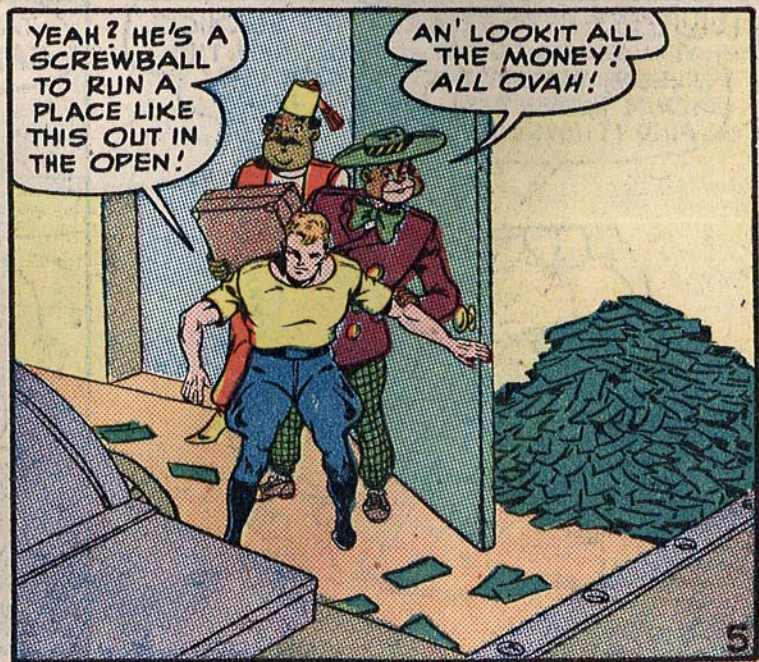
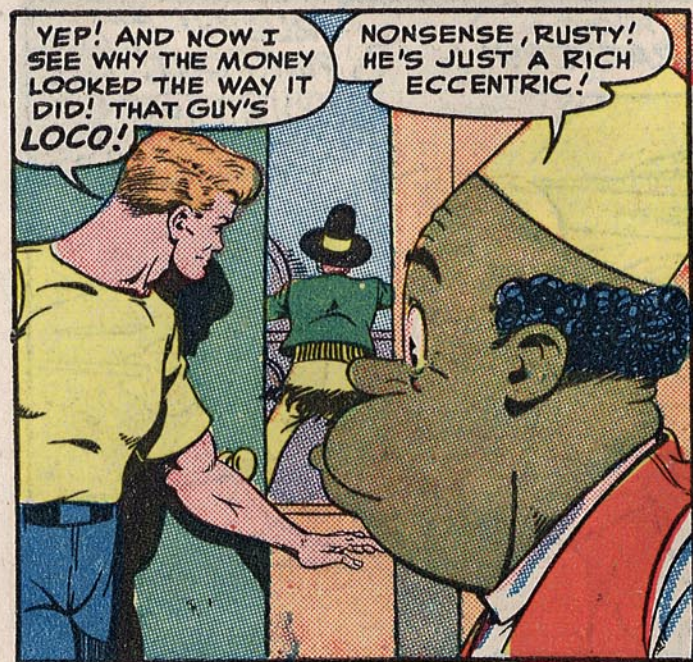
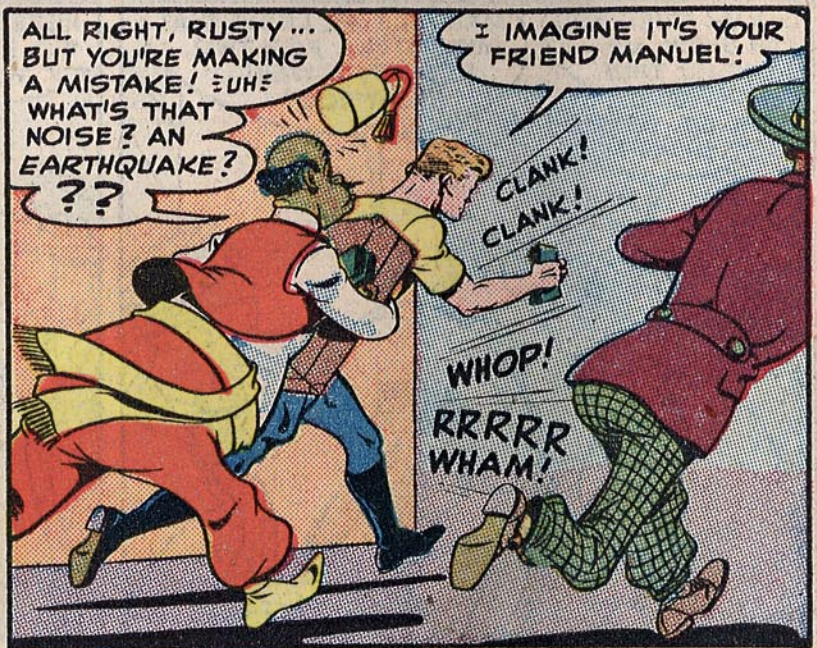
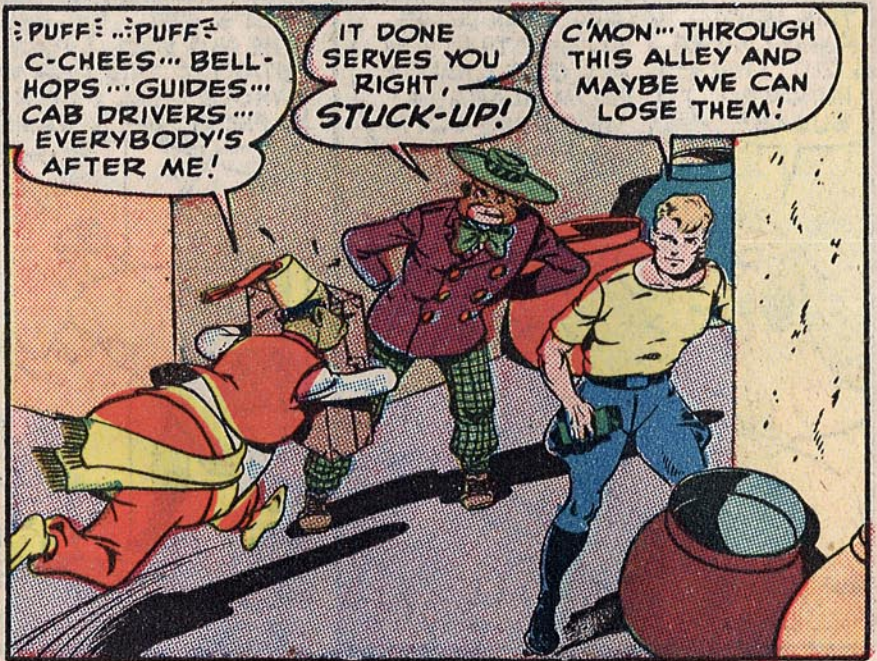
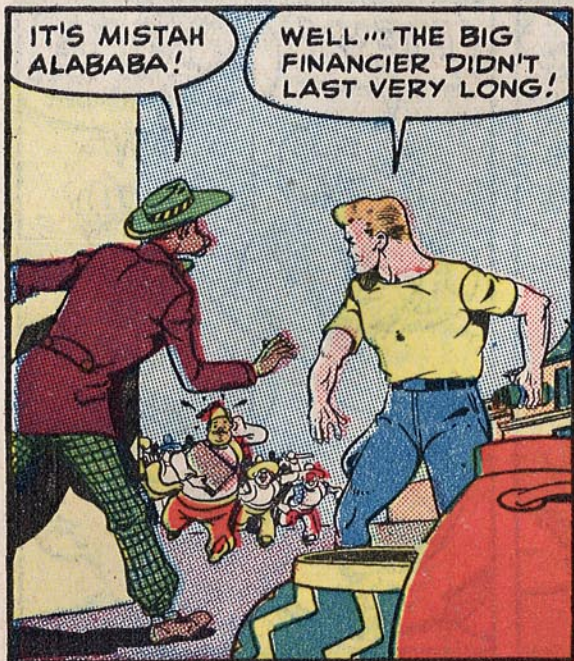




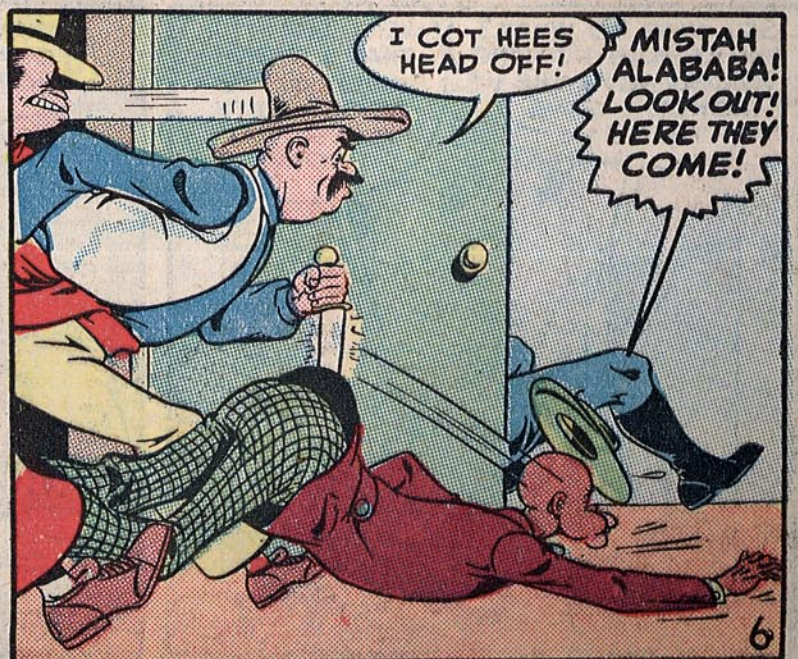
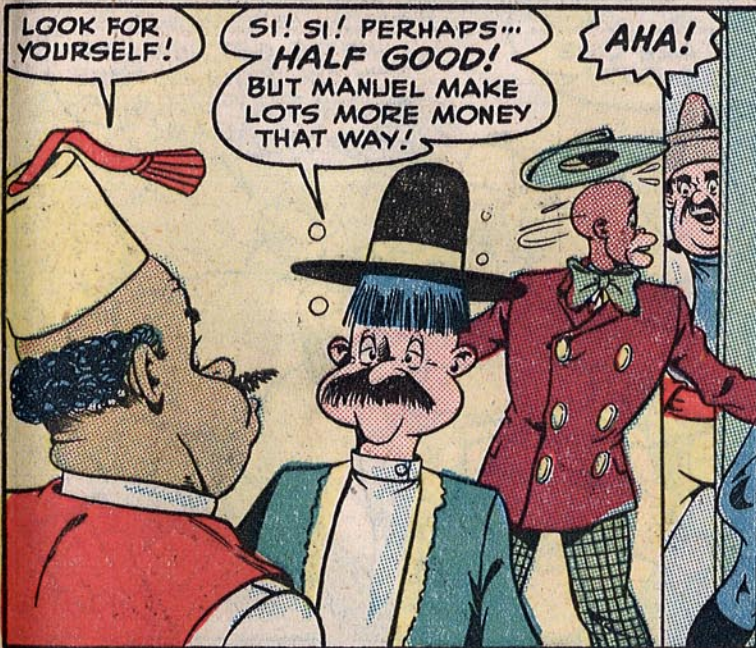
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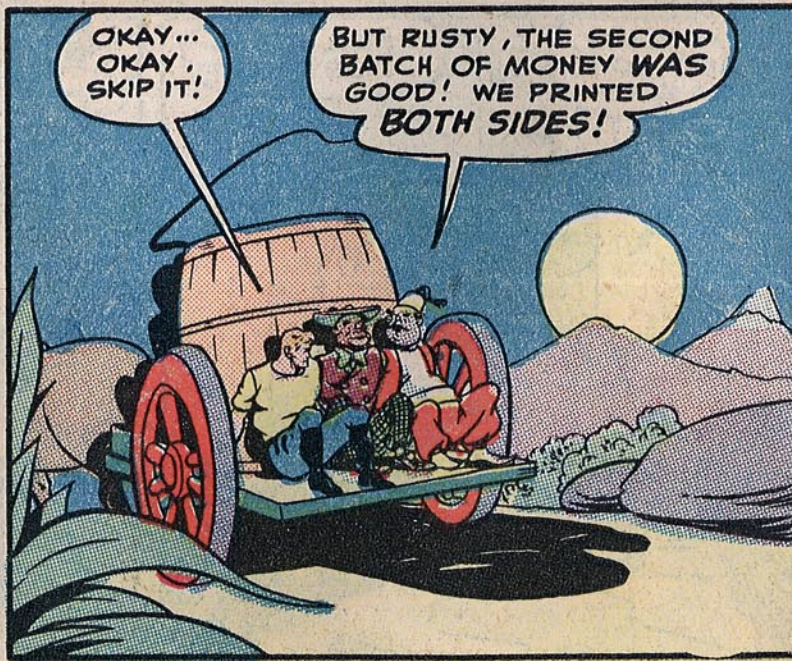
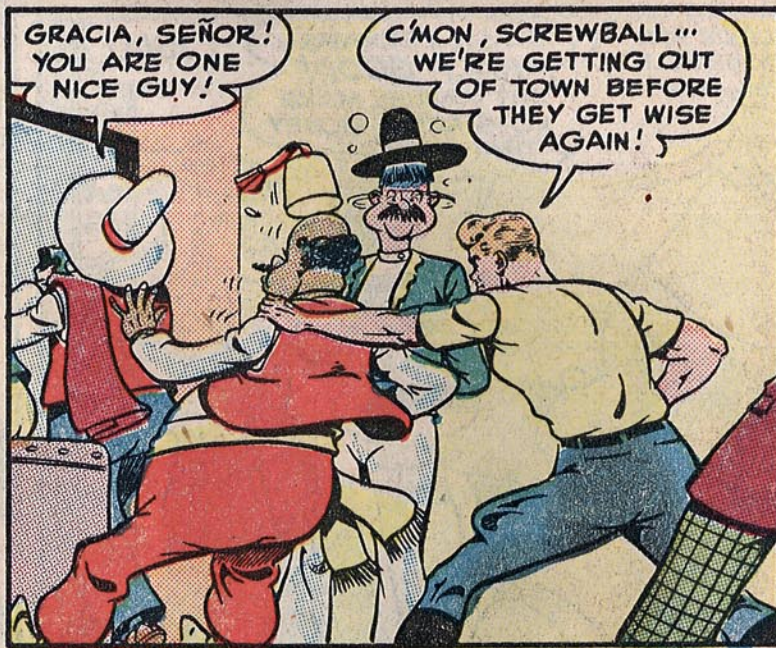
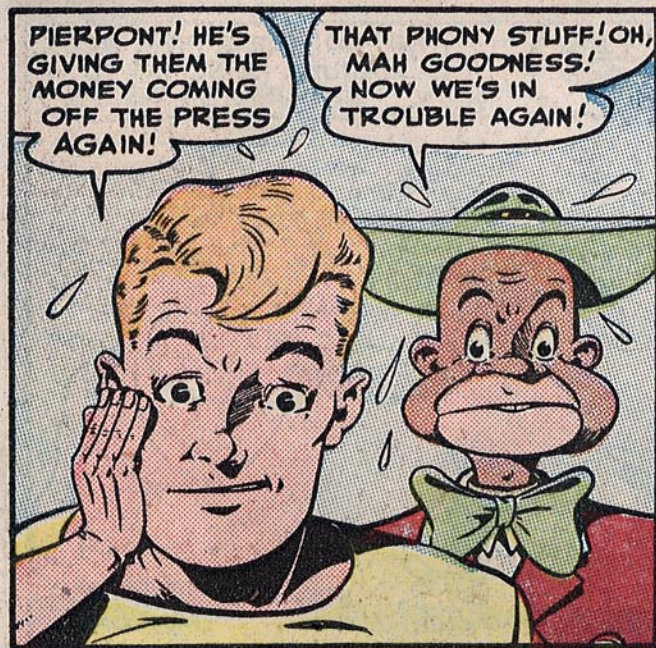
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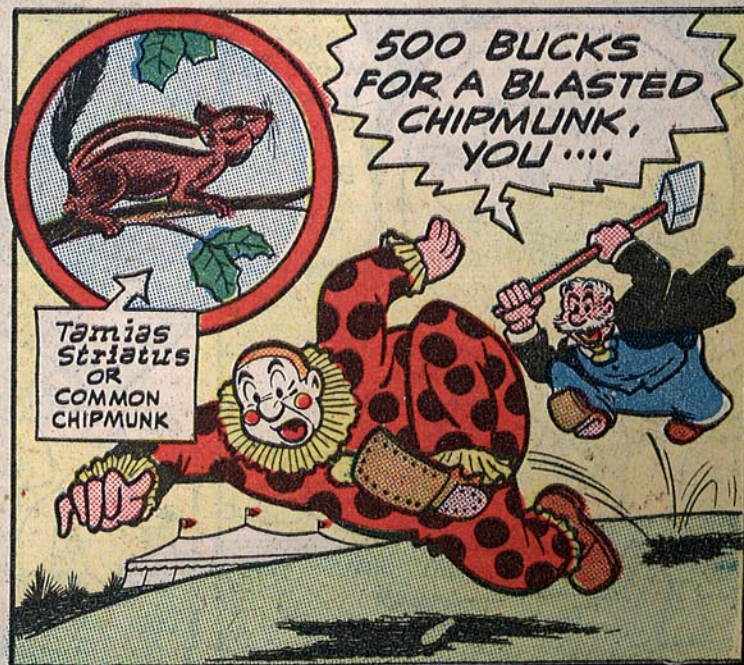
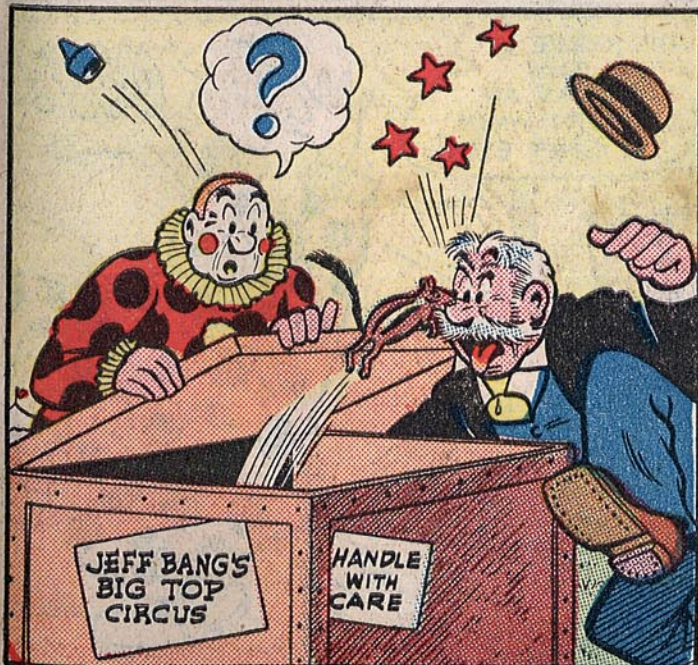
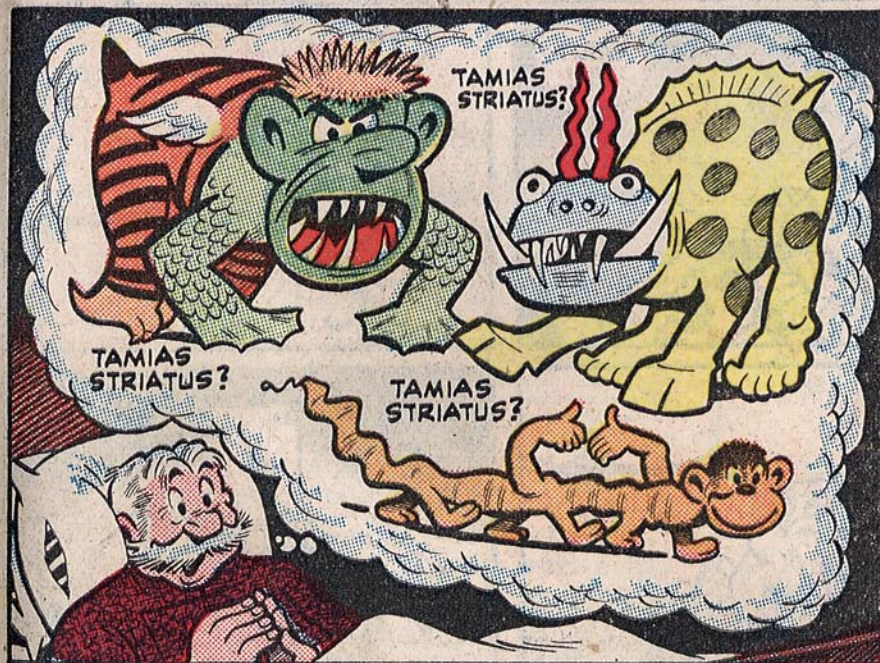
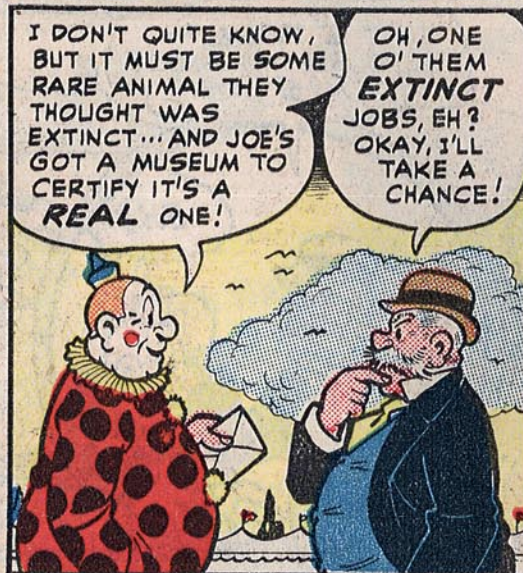
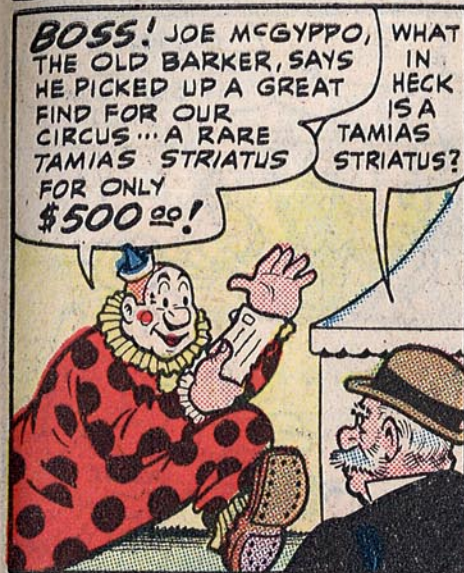


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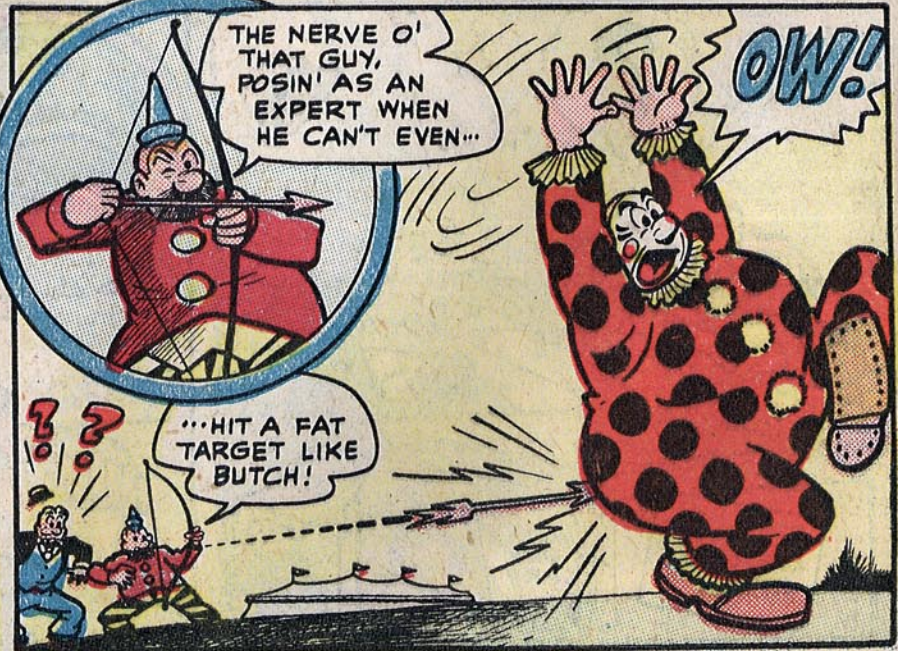
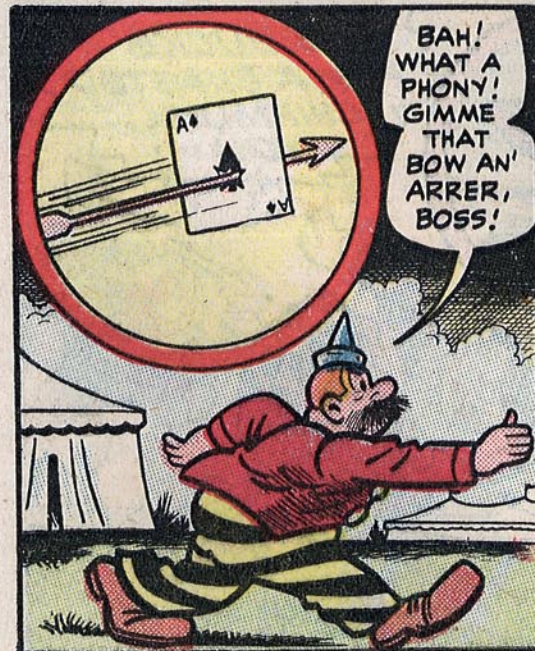
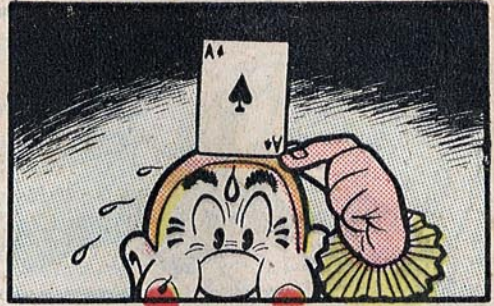
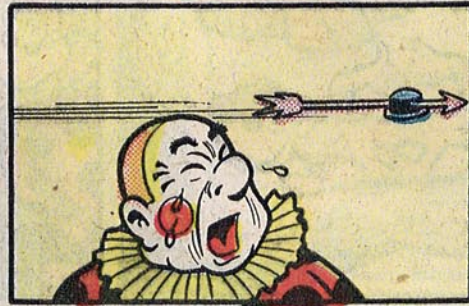
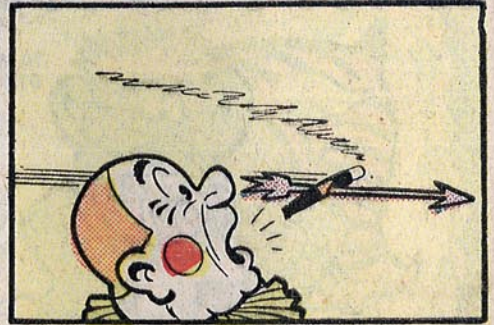
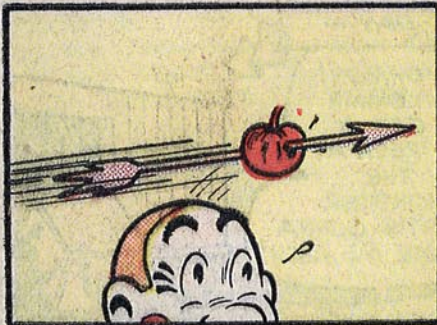
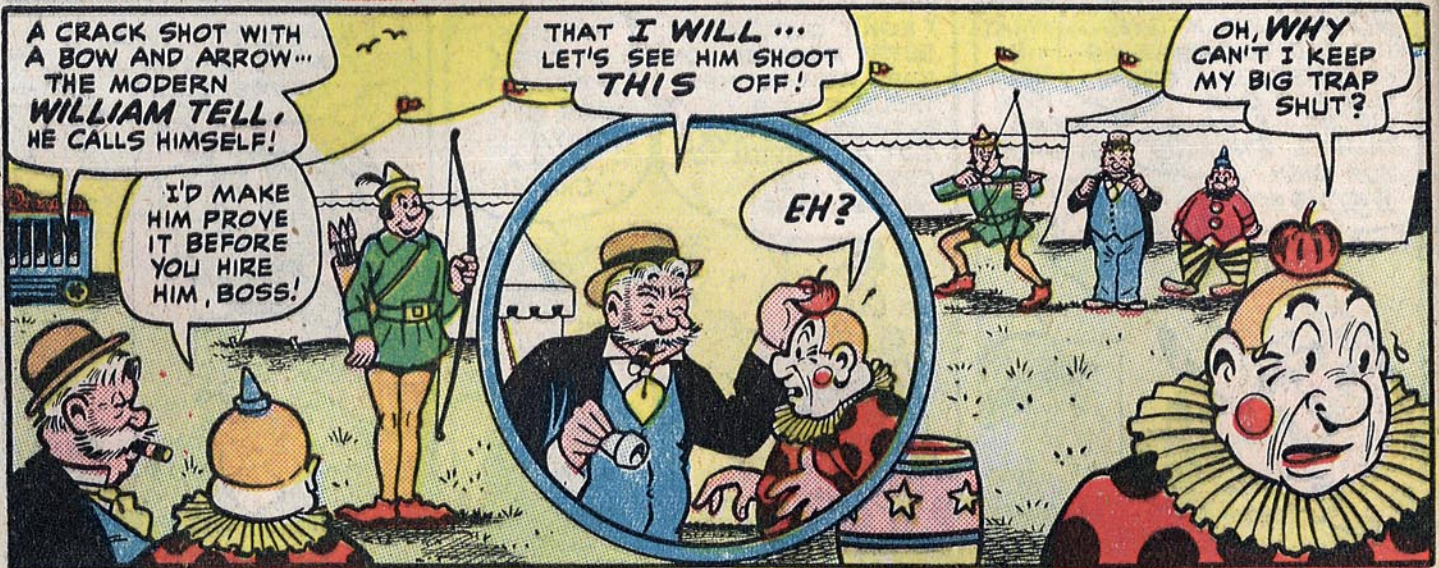


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BIG TOP



BIG TOP



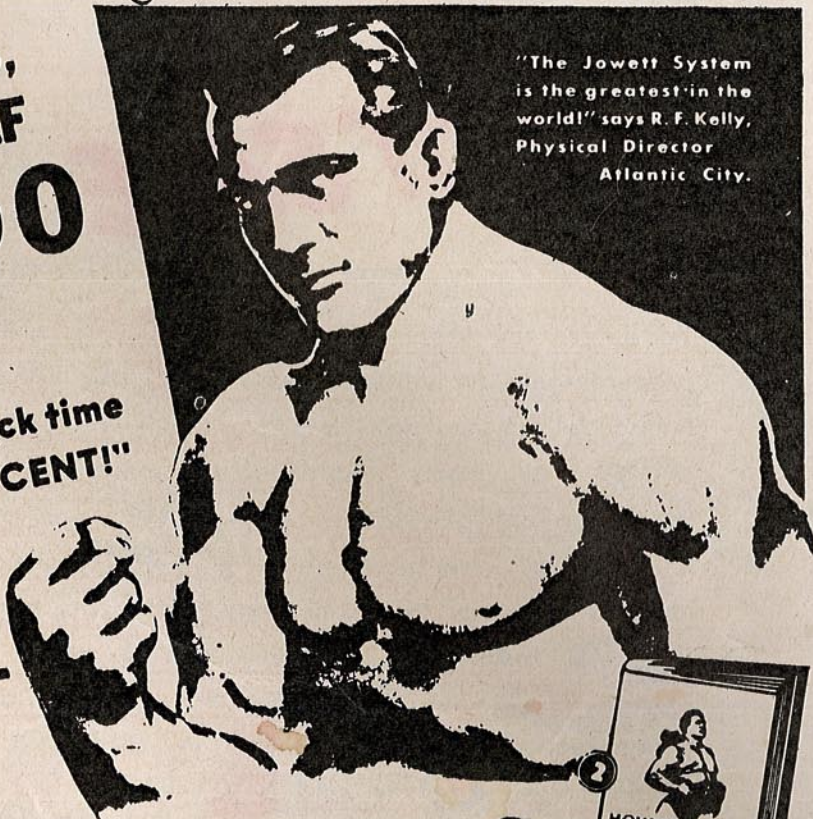
WANTED! Skinny Weaklings to become HE-MEN

"Let me show **YOU** too,
HOW TO MAKE YOURSELF
COMMANDO-TOUGH

inside and out... in double quick time
—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!"

says *George F. Jowett*

whom experts call the
WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER



"The Jowett System
is the greatest in the
world!" says R. F. Kelly,
Physical Director
Atlantic City.

Give me 10 Minutes a Day

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I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, hand-somest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you right in your own home. Let me prove I can add inches to your arms, broaden your shoulders, give you a man-sized chest, powerful legs and a Rock-like back—in fact, power pack your whole body so quickly it will amaze you! Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be.

PROVE IT TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

Send only 25c in full payment for my test course "Molding A Mighty Arm." Try it for one night! Experience the thrilling strength that will surge through your muscles. But better order all five courses for \$1.00!

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JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Molding Mighty Legs, 25c | <input type="checkbox"/> Molding a Mighty Arm, 25c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Molding a Mighty Grip, 25c | <input type="checkbox"/> Molding a Mighty Back, 25c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Send all 5 C.O.D. (\$1.00 plus post.) no orders less than \$1. sent C.O.D. | |












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Published In The Interest of Parents . . . Present and Future Air Rifle Owners . . . The Public

SHOOT SAFE BUDDY!

BOYS! SHOW THIS MESSAGE TO YOUR PARENTS!

You'll never see a real outdoorsman  aim or shoot his rifle at anything but a safe, proper target . . . he handles his firearms  with care and respect. Your Daisy  is made for fun shooting. It is not a lethal weapon but . . . like a knife,  or auto it may cause damage if handled carelessly. So do not aim or shoot at windows, street lights, song-birds,  pets, property or any other person . . . ever! Remember,  carelessness causes accidents to millions of Americans every year in cars, homes,  factories. So . . . if you are careless with your Daisy or abuse the privilege of owning one . . . your parents,  guardian  or police  have the right to take it from you . . . and  should! Don't let this happen. Be careful. Aim and shoot safe, Buddy!

MEMORIZE THE SHOOTER'S SAFETY PLEDGE!

I pledge myself to PROTECT animals, property and people in my community by always aiming and shooting my Daisy safely!

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SAFETY TIPS

BICYCLE SAFELY...

Careless bicycling may cause accidents! Always ride single file. Never "hitch on" to car or truck. Follow all traffic signs, rules. Avoid ruts. Ride close to right edge of road. Use hand signals for turns, stops.

ROLLER SKATE SAFELY...

Avoid roller skating accidents by being careful. Always skate on sidewalk. Come to stop at curbs. Cross streets at corners only. Do not "hitch" on to bicyclists. Cross small cracks at right angles.

DRIVE SAFELY...

An average of more than ONE MILLION children, women, men are injured every year in traffic accidents! Think that over, Buddy! Decide now that when you are old enough to get your driver's license—and after you get it—you will remember and follow the safety driving rules you learned.

CROSS STREETS SAFELY...

Always stop at curb, look right and left to see if street is clear. Cross streets only at corners. Obey signal lights. Remember, an auto moves faster than you can run. And don't run . . . walk!

AND SHOOT SAFE BUDDY!

Duty
Added
in
Canada

